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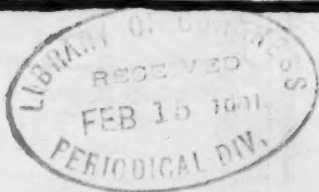
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# THE MIRROR

VOL. XI

ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1901

NO. 1



**A WEEKLY JOURNAL  
REFLECTING  
THE INTERESTS  
OF THINKING PEOPLE**

**WILLIAM MARION REEDY**

**EDITOR & PROPRIETOR**

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

### THE MIRROR PAMPHLETS.

FEBRUARY'S issue of THE MIRROR PAMPHLETS will have for subject, "THE LAW OF LOVE." This is a sentimental, philosophic, scientific fantasia along the general lines of imagination of Emanuel Swedenborg, Jacob Boehme, and other mystics, whose madnnesses were luminous adumbrations of a great truth.

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The subscription to THE MIRROR PAMPHLETS,—one is issued for each month in the year—is but 50 cents. The booklets are sold at the news-stands for five cents the copy.

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### REFLECTIONS.

#### A Woman Shakespeare

SIR WALTER BESANT has predicted that there will be, some day, "a woman Shakespeare." It is an interesting prediction, but it must be said that there are few evidences that the woman Shakespeare is to be with us soon. Shakespeare, as we have him, is a fairly good woman's Shakespeare. At least, no woman has ever given us finer women than Shakespeare has given us. Sappho, Hannah More, Joanna Baillie, George Eliot, George Sand, Mrs. Browning, Mme. de Stael—all of them together do not approximate the Bard in portraying their own sex. Needless to say, they do not approach him in the portrayal of man. The gentler sex has, of course, been bound down by convention and had no free play for its thought or imagination, for centuries, but it does not necessarily follow that the new freedom will produce the feminine equivalent of Shakespeare. Mankind has produced but one Shakespeare, and certainly womankind has a share in him. The level of mediocrity grows higher and higher and higher and it is not probable that anyone, either man or woman, will ever again so far transcend all other writers as Shakespeare transcends not only his contemporaries but all the penmen who have come after him. Perhaps the nearest approach to Shakespeare, in modern times, was Goethe and it is not at all likely that there will ever be a woman Goethe. The production of the equivalent of Shakespeare among women is not probable, for the simple reason that women, by their most highly prized and holiest attributes, are incapable of appreciating and handling many of the things which Shakespeare handled with such sureness and freedom. As pointed out in an article in last week's MIRROR, on Shakespeare, nothing that was human was foreign to him. Woman is denied this capacity of universality. Much that is human is foreign to her, and the true lover of the sex, in its higher qualities, must earnestly wish that the things referred to will everlastingly remain so foreign to her that she shall refrain from even trying to deal with them in that spirit of understanding intimacy and at the same time a preterhuman aloofness, which characterized Shakespeare. A woman as wise as Shakespeare would, in all likelihood, be a sort of monster. No woman who has ever lived or who ever will live, if she continues to be a woman, has been or ever will be able to view all things at once so calmly and common-sensibly and so poetically as Shakespeare viewed those things. There are things, even in herself, that woman will not understandingly tolerate, and toleration is the stamp of Shakespeare's genius. We shall not again see another Sappho, the greatest woman of all time, in literature, the inimitable and ineffable woman. Twenty-five centuries have produced nothing in womanly genius like unto the singer of Mitylene. We may, with some reason, look for a woman Shakespeare when man, with all his centuries of advantage over woman, shall show another Shakespeare, but not till then. We may say that "genius knows no sex," and it is true, but it is also true that, thus far, there has been a difference in the genius of sex and that this difference in genius is distinct, if not easily explicable. There is a difference between the greatest women and the greatest men. It is not so much a difference of mind, exactly, as a difference of heart. And let us hope that whatever gods there be will not, in any future time, afflict us with a woman whose supreme greatness shall be attained at the cost of the elimination of the womanly heart. May the greatest of women-to-be ever remain, at the last, more woman than great.

#### Won't Go Away

Now it is announced that the Editor of the *Commoner* will not go to Europe. He is wise. The people over there will not turn out to hear him tell his hard-luck story. Besides, during his absence, the reorganizers might get in their work on the party and put him out of his job as a Presidential candidate. And again, James Gordon Bennett is the only man who has ever successfully managed an American paper from Europe.

#### A Black Judas

STRANGE to say the strongest of all arguments against negro suffrage and equality, both political and social, comes from a negro, William Hannibal Thomas, in a book called, "The American Negro," recently published. The volume is one unrelieved scarification of the race. It pronounces, from the writer's personal experience of the colored people, a tremendous indictment of "the shallowness of their pretensions, the depravity of their morals, the ignorance of their ministers, the bigotry of their leaders, and the levity of their faith." He denies to the negro clear or distinct perceptions of specific facts, the capacity for primary reasoning, the ability to apply the simplest logic. The negro has no intellectual imagination, being responsive only or mainly to the physical objects that appeal to the passions or appetites. The negro, he says, has no judgment. Words express no mental image to the negro. Virtue is to the negro only a vocal sound. So are truth and integrity. Words and ideas are not associated in the negro mind. He is wanting, too, in solid affection and genuine sympathy. Negroes are not even musical, though their susceptibility to musical impressions is admitted. But Mr. Thomas' indictment of negro religion is something awful. It is worth quoting from the *Literary Digest's* admirable condensation of the book. "Under existing conditions, the negro priesthood is largely recruited from a pretentious class who enter the ministry for social recognition, for official preferment, for idle maintenance and unearned support, and who, by deliberately shunning contact with the intelligent, rarely become conscious of their own shortcomings. They are filled with conceit, and prate with glib assurance and authority about the most abstruse subjects. No people can speak more knowingly of Christian obligations, and none are less observant of their duties." Mr. Thomas goes on to say: "That negro religion is worthless as a fact in race regeneration is a justified conclusion in face of the fact that the most heinous crimes are committed by those who take an interest in the churches. It may be said that these negro culprits are 'sinners fallen from grace,' but may it not be fairly inferred that the 'saints' of the race are wanting as examples of wholesome living? Can it be truthfully denied that the great majority of the professedly religious negroes are visioily seamed and seared with carnal vices, or that falsehood, hypocrisy, pilfering, and drunkenness are but minor vibrations in an ascending gamut of 'saintly turpitude?' All who know the negro recognize, however, that the chief and overpowering element in his make-up is an imperious sexual impulse, which, aroused at the slightest incentive, sweeps aside all restraints in the pursuit of physical gratification. We may say now that this element of negro character constitutes the main incitement to the degeneracy of the race, and is the chief hindrance to its social uplifting." There is much more of this, and a vast amount of cognate matter so plain-spoken as to be unfit for publication in any generally circulated periodical. This negro author is practically without hope for his race. The best he can say is that the negro has now reached a point at which he either must "assimilate fully and thoroughly with his environment, or remain as now, in



## The Mirror

complete subordination to it, until exterminated." Mr. Thomas' book may be right. But how about Mr. Thomas himself? Is he the exception to the rule laid down for his race? How about Paul Laurence Danbar, Charles W. Chesnutt, the late Blanche K. Bruce, Booker T. Washington, Pushkin and others of the race that have come to light from the darkness? Mr. Thomas makes a mistake in thus crucifying his own race. That he does so is best proved by the words of a former pro-slavery white man, Henry Watterson, in replying to F. Hopkinson Smith's denunciation of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," saying that "Mr. Smith is wholly mistaken in supposing that the negro is worse off in freedom than in slavery." No Southern white man has ever so sweepingly denounced the black man as does the black Mr. Thomas. The Southern "nigger hater" does not hate the black race. He only hates the "worthless nigger." Mr. William Hannibal Thomas is, in the MIRROR's opinion, a worse than worthless nigger, since he uses his abilities to the end that his own people shall be further stunted and repressed. Mr. Thomas has not told the truth. He has told more than the truth and is, to that extent, a liar, and he has done it without any end that seems like the helping of his own people. His own abilities belie his book, in which he betrays his own kind to the wrath to come. The negro is not as bad as Mr. Thomas has painted him. Mr. Thomas is a black Judas.



### Fake Cablegrams

WHAT a fraud are the newspaper cablegrams. In Monday morning's *Republic* appeared a cable message containing a review of the new collection of short stories published by William Waldorf Astor. The cablegram was simply a copy of the London *Saturday Review* criticism on the book, and the *Saturday Review* containing the article was delivered through the mails in St. Louis just one week before the day it appeared as a cablegram in the *Republic*. Ninety-five per cent. of the cable news in the daily papers is clipped from the English papers when they arrive at New York, and ninety-eight per cent. of the special articles specially written for the dailies by public men are rehashes, by literary hacks, of foreign magazine articles and books not generally circulated in this country. Ninety-nine per cent. of the daily paper is bogus stuff, and the papers that are exceptions to this rule can be named upon the fingers of one hand.



### A Trust In Dead Folks

GADZOOKS, but here's a trust for you—an embalming and funeral trust! We are being crushed by the trust while we live and can't escape when dead. Mr. George W. Baumhoff, General Superintendent of the Transit Company lines, until recently, has gone into the funeral business, as a branch of the local street railway trust. It is an inspiration. The street cars keep up a steady slaughter of citizens, young and old, male and female. What better than to try to corral the business of burying the victims of fenderless cars or improperly fendered cars? A good way to get back some of the money paid out in damages! A fine idea to crush out the individual undertaker. The Street Railway Trust Embalming and Funeral Company has lots of money. It can make things go. It takes a whole page at a time in the papers—and it pays handsomely for the space. It offers to the friends of the dead "prompt attention, best service," at "fifty per cent less than prevailing charges." It offers to convey the remains and the friends of the "remains" by electric car or carriage to all the cemeteries. It will, presumably, arrange for stops, on the way back from the grave, at cafes owned by the Funeral Trust, where, in trust beer, the mourners may drink "a cup to the dead already, and hurrah for the next that dies." The Baumhoff Street Railway Trust Funeral and Embalming Company has "one of the finest hearses in the city and supplies carriages when required, but recommends the funeral car as being the best mode of conveyance, and by far the cheapest, effecting a saving of 75 per cent as compared to carriages and hearses." It submits facts and figures. It will charge \$20 for cars

seating forty-eight persons and carrying the casket and floral offerings. (The Trust will, by the way, run a coffin factory and flower store. It will do everything, even to furnishing the corpse, through murderous conductors and motormen or by way of running down citizens.) To convey the same number of people by carriage and hearse would cost \$70. Net saving \$50. And each additional car will cost \$10 each. The Trust is considerate. It charges \$25 for the use of a palace car for a trolley party. Its rate for a funeral is less than its rate for a picnic. And, mark you, the Street Railway Embalming and Funeral Trust is a religious institution. It "recommends all funerals to take place from some church, thus saving the family annoyance and inconvenience, at a time when quietude is desirable." What a deliciously syndicate view of the church,—as a convenience and time and labor and trouble saver! Churches are not to save souls, only to save annoyance and inconveniences. There isn't any church specified, but that will come. The Trust will have a Trust church, with a Trust preacher, and the preacher will read from a Trust Bible. There will be Trust mourners provided, too, and Trust pall-bearers. If you have tears the Trust will shed them for you. And the Trust will have a stock of eulogistic elegies, panegyric sermons, from which you can choose something suitable to the occasion. In order to promote the church idea in connection with funerals, the Street Railway Embalming and Funeral Trust offers inducements. "When the funeral takes place from church" the Trust will "furnish conveyance for the family and a hearse from the residence to the church, without extra charge." Thus does the Trust emphasize the fact that "salvation is free." Where the place of interment is more than one thousand feet from the cemetery entrance" the Trust will "furnish a hearse and conveyance for the family, and, in inclement weather, conveyance for all those in attendance." The Trust admits it hasn't controlled the weather, but it has hopes, evidently. And it offers inducements to die, for it announces that its caskets are sold at prices "less than one-half of the prevailing charges." Many a man would die were it not that the cost to his family deters him. The Trust puts death within the reach of all. No man has any longer an excuse for being alive, when he can die at half rates. No man need ever again die, as Oscar Wilde did, "beyond his means." "Male and female embalmers and attendants are always ready to respond at call to any part of the city." So that no one need hesitate to die for fear he won't be promptly filled up with Trust preservatives. Such is progress. We can die at bargain prices. The Trust can oppress us, give us pneumonia in unheated cars, crush us under its wheels, throw us out of cars and crack our necks, and then it can bury us without annoyance or inconvenience to our friends. The Trust makes our clothes and controls our food alive. It will control our wooden overcoats and fill us with embalming liquor when dead. The Trust offers cut rates on everything that we need to die with, and it even subsidizes the church by touting for the church game. When the Trust recommends that funerals take place from church, of course the recommendation will be obeyed, and of course the church will get the price of heating up and lighting the gas and turning on the electricity and the rectorial or pastoral eloquence. The Trust must make terms with the church, which is something of a Trust itself, when you come to think of it. The Street Railway Embalming and Funeral Trust is going to crush out the honest undertaker, thoroughly commercialize death, and squeeze all the sentiment out of our remembrance of "loved ones gone before."



### Justice Harlan

RECENTLY there was a wild roar against the appointment of Justice Harlan's son to a post of importance in Porto Rico. It was freely alleged that the appointment was designed to make sure that Justice Harlan would decide the question of the Constitution following the Flag according to the Administration's idea. But the Justice doesn't seem to mind the matter. If the words he uttered at a recent Loyal Legion banquet mean anything, they mean that he does not

incline to the McKinley view of the matter. Those words are approved even by the *Chicago Public*, which declares itself gratified to believe that he regards the Constitution as holding in check all the departments of the Federal Government, so that no power can be exercised anywhere by that Government except under restraint of its letter and spirit. The Justice's words were: "This Government is founded upon the rights of man—upon the theory that a man has rights as a man—and if we enter upon the world-power business with any other theory in mind we shall enter it for evil and not for good." These words are capable of several interpretations. They sound like some of the President's speeches, and yet the President is said to be nursing projects for denying the rights of man in the Philippines. The MIRROR would not wager much on the proposition that the words foreshadow the Supreme Court's opinion, or Justice Harlan's voice in that opinion. Those very words may possibly precede an opinion that shall deny to the Filipinos the rights which we consider, as to ourselves, inalienable. Supreme Justices are not in the habit of tipping off forthcoming decisions.



### Controlling the Press

How politicians control the press is shown in the legal proceedings for foreclosure of a mortgage upon the Brookfield, Mo. *Argus*, by ex-Gov. Lon V. Stephens. The Governor loaned the editor and proprietor \$2,500. The editor and proprietor printed what the then Governor would like him to print. When the Governor wanted his money, the editor figured out that he had paid the money back as advertising in printing the articles the Governor wanted printed. That is the way honest public opinion is made in Missouri. That is the manner in which great reputations are built up in the country. And when the man who puts up goes out of power, the paper he subsidized goes back on him and supports his enemies. Governor Stephens is at least entitled to what he purchased. If he were buying advertising, he would have had it so nominated in the bond. Governor Stephens is being condemned for what he did to the Brookfield *Argus*. It would be interesting to know how many other papers he subsidized, and it would be interesting to know whether the editors and proprietors of the other Missouri country papers that flopped from the support of Stephens to the support of Dockery got more from Dockery than they got from Stephens. It may be said in palliation both of the ex-Governor and the *Argus* editor that they only followed a custom. Missouri is kept Democratic by the simple device of the politicians controlling the press and doctoring the news and dictating the editorials therein. There are fewer independent papers in Missouri than in any State in the Union, with the possible exception of Pennsylvania, and Missouri is as slavishly Democratic as Pennsylvania is slavishly Republican.



### Tom L. Johnson

TOM L. JOHNSON, of Cleveland, has closed out his business affairs—he is a multi-millionaire—and intends to devote all his time and energies to social and political questions, chiefly to the advocacy and support of the Single Tax. Mr. Johnson is a man who means what he says. He is a man of hard sense; no airy dreamer. He has, in addition to his money-making gift, the boon of good humor. He has the courage of his convictions. He offers to take all the street railroads of Columbus and operate them on a three-cent-fare basis on exactly the terms under which the blanket franchise holders now operate on a five-cent-fare basis, to keep the books, vouchers, papers and contracts of the system open to public inspection, to let the city buy the road on very favorable terms or to sell the grant at a fair price to any successor at the expiration of the term of the grant. He agrees to pay 20 cents per hour to employes on the roads, and to arbitrate all differences with employes. The Columbus Councilmen gave the blanket franchise to the existent monopoly and now Mr. Johnson threatens to bring the matter into court and fight the grant. Following upon this offer, which Mr. Johnson made with the ex-Attorney General of Ohio, Mr. Monett,



retired because of his activity in fighting the Standard Oil Company, Mr. Johnson has agreed to stand for election to the Cleveland Mayoralty. In announcing his candidacy he makes a definite declaration in favor of the principles of Henry George as the sound basis of government, municipal as well as State and National, and urges specifically the policy of municipal ownership of street railway and other public utilities. The millionaire means business, though he doesn't appear to have particularly agreed with the ideas of Pingree when that freak was Mayor of Detroit and wanted to municipalize Mr. Johnson's railroads there, by main strength. Still, conditions were different, and it would be unfair to doubt Mr. Johnson's consistency and sincerity. His candidacy for Mayor of Cleveland will be interesting to the whole country. This street railroad man of experience and marked success wagers his reputation that he can make money on three cent fares with transfers. If Johnson becomes Mayor of Cleveland, with a Common Council in sympathy with him, he will be able to enforce the three-cent-fare rule, and if it be demonstrated that money can be made on a three-cent basis we shall find that all the street car monopolies in the country will have to come down to that figure. Tho millionaire Socialist is just now rampant. Johnson is only more extreme in his Socialism than Carnegie, Morgan, Rockefeller and Hill. They are all concentrationists, but Johnson goes direct to the ultimate of concentration. Municipalization of public utilities is certain to come, and, after that, to some extent, nationalization of the larger public utilities. We may as well prepare for it.

## France's War on Clericalism

THE Waldeck-Rousseau Ministry is engaged in a bitter and determined fight against clericalism in France. It is trying to effect the passage of a law regulating associations and placing them under the direct supervision of the Government. Of course, the law is intended to be aimed at religious associations, which have been too much, if not exclusively, under the influence and control of Rome, and become too arrogant and meddlesome in political affairs. It is known, for instance, that the Assumptionist Fathers have gone into the printing business, and been issuing papers and pamphlets attacking the policies of the Republican Government and, indirectly, inciting treason and revolution. The clericals are in alliance with the monarchists, and now doing everything in their power to frustrate the purposes of the Government and to overthrow the Rousseau Ministry. Whether they will be successful, is extremely doubtful. The Ministry is vigorously supported by the Republicans and Socialists. One of the arguments employed by the clericals is that the passage of the association law would lead to an unjustifiable confiscation of property. The argument is, of course, much exaggerated. The Assumptionist Fathers are credited with possessing property valued at more than \$150,000,000; the total value of property held by religious associations is estimated at about \$600,000,000, certainly a very respectable amount. Besides this, the education of French children is very much in the hands of these religious associations, and M. Rousseau intends to secularize it, and make the public schools a state institution entirely. There may be some religious prejudice at the bottom of this bitterly-fought measure, and it may be somewhat reckless and ill-advised to endeavor to effect its passage at this time. Impartial observers will acknowledge, however, that the intentions of the Government are laudable and in consonance with the rudimentary axioms of popular government. If M. Rousseau should fail in his efforts and his Ministry be overthrown by the intrigues of his powerful enemies, the stability of the French Republic will be seriously endangered. France has a progressive, energetic and honest government, at the present time, and it is to be hoped that the Clericals and Monarchists will be routed. While, on American principles, no such thing as religious persecution can be approved, it is but just to say that the French religious associations are very much in politics, and in the worst sort of politics, and while confiscation is wrong, it is well to understand that what M. Waldeck-Rousseau most

objects to is the abuse known as mortmain, by which vast tracts of land are held, as with "a dead hand," by religious associations from whom they cannot be alienated.

## City Politics

THE MIRROR has said its say in advance about a secret, gang-selected ticket to be nominated by the local Democrats. The nominations are now made. They are to be judged on their merits. The MIRROR favored an independent ticket. The independents aligned themselves with the machine. The result is, to be honest, good, very good. They say it is "Jim" Campbell's ticket. Very well. A survey of the ticket convinces me that the philosopher was right who said that the best possible kind of government was a benevolent despotism. It might not be a bad idea for the city to let the genial broker negotiate all future tickets. If one man can win the "push" to the wishes of the better elements, as the local Pierpont Morgan has done, that man deserves praise rather than the censure of such Mugwump irreconcilables as Charles Nagel. Mr. Campbell guaranteed that he would get the machine Democrats to put up a ticket of good men. He has made good. The ticket is clean. It is representative of all local interests, elements and sections and of the general interest in having reputable candidates to vote for. It is a ticket that the most finical will find hard to oppose on any ground that the public will deem worthy of consideration. It is only fair to say, that, though machine-made, the ticket is, in a very definite way, one that comes from the people, the winnowing of, probably, two thousand suggested candidates. It was made only after consulting with the men who are close to the people in the twenty-eight wards of the town, and in the numerous precincts of those wards. The caucuses resulting in the ticket were fairly representative of the Democratic party, and we must remember it to Mr. Campbell's credit that he, as spokesman for gold-Democrats and good government men, refused to accede to any suggestion that would put a bad or even a questionable man on the ticket. The nominee for Mayor was fairly chosen, as the result of the largest primary vote ever polled. Mr. Wells is, as I have said before, bull-headedly honest. He is capable. He is not to be controlled in matters that may affect his personal record. He will take care of the party. He is a gentleman. He will do his best to make partisanship subservient to the best interests of the public. The rest of the ticket is not subject to just attack upon any score that will weigh with the public. The men stand on a platform that means just what it says. No man of sense can be deceived by it. The Democrats have done well, and they have done so by methods that are inseparable from municipal political conditions. Mr. "Jim" Campbell has used the machine to forward the ends of decency and he brought the forces of decency effectively to bear upon the gang to force the latter into retirement. The ticket can only be beaten by a better one. Mr. Meriwether's party is not as strong as it was. But for his party we should have had no Ziegenhein for Mayor, and that is held against him. He can do nothing but defeat the Democratic ticket, which, for the present, at least, we cannot be sure is desirable. The Democratic ticket all through is a worthily representative selection of men upon a platform commanding the respect if not, at such an early stage of the campaign, the support of believers in good government reform. If the Republican party put up as good a ticket, citizens will have, at least, a choice between good men, which is all we can ask under our popular form of government. To justify a vote against the Democratic ticket we must have a better ticket before us. And that we have not got, as yet.

## Fortunate Filipinos

ONE loses faith in the prophets of evil, who foresee wrong to the Filipinos and reacting evils to ourselves in the government we are giving those people, when confronted by facts like the appointment of Mr. L. R. Wilfley, of this city, to be a judge of first instance in the archipelago. The young man chosen by the Taft Commission is eminently qualified for judicial honors. He is a scholar and a man of the highest ideals of liberty and justice, a Democrat

of the sort that is rational not rabid. The people who will seek justice before him are more sure to find it, whether they be citizens or subjects, than are many of ourselves when we seek it before judges nominated and elected by a free people. Good government depends upon men. Good men will render to any people such government. Appointments such as that of Mr. Wilfley make us regard the Filipinos as, in some respects, more fortunate than ourselves. The future government of that people will be all right if framed by men of the character, principles and attainments of Mr. Wilfley.

## The Women of Kansas

OF Mrs. Nation's case, it is only necessary to remark that lawlessness of the Kansas joint-keepers begets lawlessness of the Mrs. Nation variety. In Kansas there appears to be no law that can suppress Mrs. Nation, and no law that can suppress the joints. There is no doubt that semi-secret joints are worse than open and decently conducted saloons. Mrs. Nation's violence springs from Kansas' official hypocrisy, and also from that public hypocrisy which consists in pretending to approve Prohibition in public while detesting and evading it in private. Either the Kansas saloons should be closed or they should be allowed to run wide open. In non-Prohibition States, the evil of the saloon is lessening. Only in Kansas and other Prohibition States is the joint, so detestable to the decent elements, to be found flourishing in vicious effectiveness. Mrs. Nation will eventually serve a good purpose in setting Kansas to thinking out in rational fashion the general question of public hypocrisy and the imposition of restrictions upon the appetites of the many by the few, and while they are thinking of this matter, the people of Kansas may well concern themselves with reflecting upon the future of a people amid social and governmental conditions that produce Maenads like Mrs. Nation and Bassarids like Mrs. Lease. A fine neurastheniac race must spring from the mothers and wives of which such women are types.

## The Roycroft Costume

A WHISPER is borne upon the winds from East Aurora that the Roycrofts are to do other and more strange things. Mr. Elbert Hubbard, happy reincarnation of William Morris and Artemus Ward, not content with presiding as chief accoucher at the renascence of the art of printing, with writing beautiful essays, fostering sculpture, applying to rag-carpet-making the art of Gobelins, turning out Louis Quatorze andirons and making early English furniture has turned his passion for beauty in use in another direction. He has been studying dandyism and the poetry of clothes, and so has come to have a sympathy with Beau Brummel and Barbey D'Aureville, and Beau Nash. He has caught the truth at the distortion of which the satire of "Patience" was aimed with fatal but none the less happy accuracy. He would cry out, with the late Frank Saltus: "Spare us this life in tasteless raiment clad, this wreck of color as the world grows old." He would have us see that the primal crime of the *Banthorne-Grosvenor* cult of beauty was that it was, in the words of the former, "good taste misplaced." Therefore, for the past nineteen months, Mr. Elbert Hubbard has been studying, as only he can study, the history of sartorial art and personal garniture. He has examined every possible extant picture that was prepared with the intent of iconographically expressing the characteristic of clothes at various times in the world's history. He has made of the *dissecta membra* of his impressions a sort of mental composite photograph of costumes of all time and has subjected that to keen analysis and careful exclusion until he has hit upon a Roycroft Costume. This Roycroft Costume is to be at once picturesque and comfortable. It is to blend felicitously the most pleasing effects of the Roman toga, the silks and satins and brocades of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and the practicalities in a sanitary and comfortable way of the male garments of the last and the present century. He aims in a general way to bring color back to the service of man in clothes. He purposes to make the clothes expressive of the man, not eucalyptic of him. He would reveal the masculine form divine, and make habiliments symphonic to



## The Mirror

the eye. He has designed the Roycroft Costume along elastic lines, so that the aesthetically inclined, within those lines, may have play for their individuality in the production of the symphonic effects. The Roycroft sculptor, Saint Gerome, has worked out the idea, in varying ways, in clay, in marble and in bronze and the Roycroft illuminators have prepared over seven thousand colored pictures of the Roycroft Costume in a volume which is to be circulated among the Hubbard followers as the fashion plates are now distributed among tailors. The Roycroft establishment has been augmented by the addition to its roster of geniuses of seven tailors who have the intelligence and taste to carry out the Hubbard ideas in the construction of clothes. Already many of the Hubbardiads have taken to the garments and I have seen portraits of Messrs. Michael Monahan, Harry Thurston Peck, Whidden Graham, Percival Pollard and William Allen White in the Roycroft Costume. The outfit is simply the acme of beauty in clothing. It was under the influence of this new manifestation of the Hubbard genius that Mr. Percival Pollard was moved to write his felicitous article on the "Literature of Dandyism" and Mr. Harry Thurston Peck to print the same in the February *Bookman*. It also moved Mr. Peck to the ambition to make himself the leading exemplar of the beauty of the Roycroft Costume and to take the place of the recent Prince of Wales as *arbitrator elegantiarum* for the world at large, the first step in which, as those tarred with the classical brush will remember, was Mr. Peck's translation of "Trimalchio's Dinner" from the book of Petronius Arbiter. And be it said, in all modesty, that this great impulse to the æsthetic regeneration of the world was given to the unique and effectively fictile Hubbard by contemplation of the success of the MIRROR'S crusade in favor of the summer shirt-waist for men. I predict that in three years every man of thought, taste and breeding in the United States will be wearing the Roycroft Costume and thus making the world more glad some to the artistic soul.

### A New Feature

IN future, admirers of sport of all sorts will find in the MIRROR a department devoted to that inspiring subject, when there shall be anything in that field worth discussing in a high-class publication. The department will be authoritative in all branches. It will be edited by a well known sporting authority, who elects to write over the pen name of *Brigadier*, and he will play no favorites. The MIRROR'S sporting department will be written for gentlemen, not for mere business exploiters of sport or for gamblers.

Uncle Fuller.

### "CHEAP SKATES."

AN OUTSIDE VIEW OF ST. LOUIS PUBLIC ENERGY.

THE MIRROR reproduces below an editorial from the *Kansas City Star*—would that we had anything near so good in the way of a daily newspaper in St. Louis—that is interesting reading to the people of the Missouri metropolis. It points out one of the reasons why the World's Fair is likely to be postponed until 1905—the leaden-footedness of the so-called prominent citizens who have been doing all the screeching about the public welfare, a leaden-footedness that goes with wooden-headedness.

Kansas City sees what is the matter with St. Louis. The *Kansas City* papers without exception are doing all they can to help along the World's Fair project, in the State. They are doing much more and doing it more intelligently than the most pretentious St. Louis papers, that assume to have taken charge of the Fair, when, in truth, both the *Republic* and *Globe-Democrat* look at the enterprise with the mental vision of petty ward bummers. The "great" local papers are picayuning in precinct politics and sowing seeds of public distrust, while the genuine enthusiasm of the *Kansas City* press makes the local thunderers look like counterfeit coppers on dead men's eyes. St. Louis' "great" editors are skulldugging around at night, fixing "slates" and scheming to prevent this or that person

they don't like from getting any prominence in the movement for a World's Fair. What a lot of snide, "cheap skates" they are—these primary packing, Public-Welfare bungling, soft-snapping, close-corporation, prominent press "dubs"—when sized up, as they are, by such an editorial as this from the *Kansas City Star*!

"St. Louis is seemingly so busily engaged in discussing who shall be its World's Fair Mayor that it has forgotten to urge upon the Assembly at Jefferson City steps to enable it to use its resources to clean up and make a presentable appearance when the visitors pour in in 1903. The talk about a constitutional convention has not been followed by action.

"The Assembly has not been asked to submit a call for a convention, nor have the St. Louis people rallied to support any other measure, such as the Clay amendment, which would help to alleviate the financial troubles of the great city. St. Louis only needs to use its own vast means to rise to the occasion. It contributes largely to the support of the State, but the State does not permit it to properly sustain itself.

"The much heralded 'Commission for the Public Welfare of St. Louis' has not made its influence felt at Jefferson City. Indifference to the situation in St. Louis prevails at the State Capital, for the reason that the city is not up and doing. Time flies and the present sitting is half over, and nothing has been accomplished for the relief of St. Louis.

"No matter how good and faithful and honest and competent the World's Fair Mayor of St. Louis may be, his hands will be tied if the city does not have the money with which to carry on improvements and perform its functions."

## BANK DEFALCATIONS.

A NATIONAL EXAMINER'S SCHEME FOR THEIR PREVENTION.

THERE have been a good many bank defalcations in the last few months. In most instances, a trusted employe had abused the confidence of directors and stockholders for years past, and it was by a mere accident that the defalcations came to light. Some of the banks lost hundreds of thousands of dollars, principally on account of too much confidence on the part of the directors. There must certainly be something radically wrong in the management of a financial institution, when an employe can embezzle, in a systematic manner, large amounts of funds, for several years, without arousing a shadow of suspicion. Late events have provoked an interesting discussion of this subject.

Mr. William Howard Bryan, National Bank Examiner of New York, is of the opinion that it is the duty of every bank to bond their employes in some strong surety company, and not require the clerk or officer to furnish a personal surety, which has so frequently proved to be of no value whatever. Surety companies know no mercy, and the possible defaulter is often deterred from stealing because of his knowledge of that fact. There are quite a number of banks which have not adopted that precaution. All well-managed banks bond their employes as a wise, precautionary measure.

Then there is the faulty system of book-keeping. Some banks have a system which they consider good, yet is entirely obsolete; they will not adopt any new, modern ideas. They have done business at the old stand, in the same old way, for many years. As a rule, they will not abolish their antiquated notions of book-keeping until it is too late. A good system of books contains a check against every known opportunity for stealing, and such a system every well-managed bank should have.

There is another and very serious factor contributing towards intensifying the temptation to steal and making it the more irresistible. Reference is had to the underpaying of employes. There are many bank cashiers and clerks, who hold very responsible positions, and are paid little more than a street car conductor. Such men find it an impossibility to pay family expenses and save any money for a rainy day. The temptation to steal is thus constantly before and besetting them. That some of these underpaid employes should fall a victim to temptation is hardly

surprising. It is frequently the desire of directors to make a fine financial showing and to pay big dividends to shareholders. The true interests of shareholders require that employes should be decently paid and treated. Industrious employes have their rights as well as the stockholders. It is extremely unjust to pay fat dividends, while paying but a pittance to workers. Poor pay generally proves a bad investment.

Careless management on the part of directors or executive officers, or of both, has also been the cause of some defalcations. The directors of the bank, by a committee, should make one or more careful examinations of the affairs of the bank every year. They should likewise inform themselves as to the character and habits of their employes, and embody their findings on these points in their reports to the board. One thorough examination each year is far better than a greater number of superficial examinations. Nearly all banks are weak in respect to this, and defaulters have utilized this weakness to work their schemes.

It is the duty of bank directors to inquire into and know for themselves exactly how the bank is managed, and if they find careless management on the part of executive officers, or a poor system of books, they should use the authority vested in them to correct these matters, so that defalcations may not be encouraged, but made difficult, if not impossible. Depositors and stockholders of a bank have a right to insist that the men who occupy the positions of directors shall be more than figure-heads. There is a large amount of responsibility resting upon the directors that, in some banks, is not met at all, and in many cases is shifted to the shoulders of some one else.

As Mr. Bryan says, many men with keen intellects never rise higher than a mere clerkship. In many banks there are as bright men among the clerks as can be found among the officials, and it is a noticeable fact that defaulters are to be found among the bright men. For this reason, employes should be well treated and well paid, so that temptation may not prove too strong for them. Considering the extensive utilization of banking facilities in this country, this topic deserves special consideration. It is of interest to rich and poor alike.

Francis A. Huter.

## THE LIFE OF HENRY GEORGE.

BY MICHAEL MONAHAN.

THE son of Henry George, who bears his father's honored name, has done a good work in writing the Life of his father. If books are to be measured by the good they will do, this "Life of Henry George," by his son, is one of the most important books of the time. It was conceived in filial love and loyalty. It was executed in a spirit of devotion and sincerity that has left its impress on every page. This strong yet simple story of a great man's life has interested me more than any of the exploited novels of the year. The work has indeed much of that truth which is stranger than fiction; thus its value, as a human document, is of the highest.

It is not for the present writer to open the question of Henry George's permanent influence as a political economist, or to attempt to pass upon the validity of the social theories distinguished by his name. These theories have been thrown into the world's debate, and it is yet too early to predict what will come out of the crucible. As to his influence as a teacher, we know that, with a Thor's hammer, he demolished the classic traditions of college-taught political economy and admitted every poor, untaught man, with a life to live and a soul to save, to a share in the debate. Our generation has witnessed no more striking revolution than that which transferred authority from the most ancient universities in Christendom to the graduate of the fore-castle and the mining camp. I am one of those who believe that Henry George, in the conclusions of his intellect, was mainly right; in the impulse of his heart, always right. This may not be the highest praise for a philosopher; but let it stand. To my mind the incomparable distinction of this man consists in the fact—imperfectly known to us before, now forever established—that he lived a heroic life, according to the highest ideals of duty and conduct. If he had never written "Progress and Poverty," the value of that life would be in no way diminished,



though the knowledge of it would probably have been lost to the world. No man in our time has been so manifestly charged with a message—a message which the world has been obliged to hear, in its own despite, and of which it will, perhaps in no remote day, have to give an accounting.

I have not been able to read without tears the story of this "man sent from God" to arraign the mailed injustice of the world, the wrong supported by human laws, by the sanctions of religion, by centuries of proscription. Against bitter poverty and every handicap of fortune this messenger of Truth had to contend. A sailor before the mast, a minor, a laborer, a tramp printer! Hard is the service of Truth, but God prepares the end. Moreover, the man must be fitted, hallowed and purified for the message, as was Henry George. To this end poverty is useful, and a long wrestle with adversity, and much, oh, very much of that deferred hope which maketh the heart sick. All of which Henry George had in full measure. Once indeed it seemed that the probation was more than he could bear:

I came near starving to death, and at one time I was so close to it that I think I should have done so but for the job of printing a few cards, which enabled us to buy a little cornmeal. In this darkest time in my life my second child was born."

And, oh! ye smug economists who go by the bookish theoretic, holders of professional chairs endowed by corporate injustice, and you others, statesmen of expediency with ear to the ground, who bend the knees to Baal, while professing the people's righteous cause—mark how sorely tried was this servant of the Truth, who yet stood faithful to the end:

"I walked along the street and made up my mind to get money from the first man whose appearance might indicate that he had it to give. I stopped a man—a stranger—and told him that I wanted \$5. He asked what I wanted it for. I told him that my wife was confined and that I had nothing to give her to eat. He gave me the money. If he had not, I think I was desperate enough to have killed him."

Surely this was no bad discipline for the man who was yet to make the most powerful appeal of our time for the disinherited children of the earth.

As it is impossible, with the evidence of this book before us, not to believe in Henry George's self-consecration to the task of rooting out the plague-sore of poverty and class domination, so it is impossible not to see the hand of God in his work. The man was vitally possessed by his mission, as are all men who accomplish or attempt any real service to their kind. He believed in himself, in the indestructible right of his cause, in the Divine agency that animated his soul and purpose. Of this he has given a simple and reverent testimony which is a stronger and more eloquent tribute to his character than any of his eulogists have ever penned.

"Once in daylight and in a city street, there came to me a thought, a vision, a call—give it what name you please. But every nerve quivered. And there and then I made a vow. Through evil and through good, whatever I have done and whatever I have left undone, to that I have been true. It was that which impelled me to write 'Progress and Poverty,' and that sustained me when else I should have failed. And when I had finished the last page, in the dead of night, when I was entirely alone, I flung myself on my knees and wept like a child. That is a feeling that has never left me; that is constantly with me. It has made me a better and a purer man. It has been to me a religion strong and deep, though vague—a religion of which I never like to speak or make any outward manifestation, but yet that I try to follow."

This note of consecration to an ideal, and that ideal the establishment of the reign of justice upon earth, the uplifting of the poor, the wiping out of social inequalities, the conquest of organized selfishness and proscriptive wrong—is the highest sounded in the life of Henry George. He was tolerant of creed, yet formally committed to none. From the Gospel of Christ he drew the inspiration of that ideal of a human society living in mutual love and justice, which he so potently impressed upon the minds and hearts of men. He was not a materialist in the accepted modern sense. He believed in the immortality of the spirit, in the Fatherhood of God; and the glory of his life-work, the enduring legacy of his effort, is that he sought to realize the Brotherhood of Man. I shall venture to state here what the son does not—the supreme title of Henry George to the gratitude of humanity; that the earth is and will be increasingly a better place for his having lived upon it.

Like many who were tolerably familiar with the leading facts of Henry George's public life, before the publication of this book, I have been chiefly interested in those parts which shed light upon his personal domestic character. Behind the philosopher should be the man; and it is pleasing to find that the author of "Progress and Poverty" was thor-

oughly human. Nothing could be more frank than the delineation which the son gives, and so admirably is the portrait touched, without excess of color and with nature's own shading, that we are bound to receive it in the fullest confidence. Great and famous as he became, loved and respected as he was in his home, Henry George did not occupy a pedestal in his own family. To his sons he was always a wise friend and a tender father. They liked to chum with him and he with them—a fact which illuminates the man's character. To his Irish wife he was ever the devoted lover who had wooed her so impetuously in those far off days in California (that Eldorado which yielded only the gold of pure love to them) and who had taken her for better, for worse, with few "bits" in his pocket and the honeymoon a daily hustle for a job. I shall beg leave to quote here the little letter written overnight for his wife to read on the morning of their marriage anniversary. It may well speak for itself:

"It is twenty-three years ago to-night since we first met—I only a month or two older than Harry and you not much older than our Jen. For twenty-three years we have been closer to each other than to any one else in the world, and I think we esteem each other more and love each better than when we first began to love. You are now 'fair, fat and forty,' and to me the mature woman is handsomer and more lovable than the slip of a girl whom, twenty-three years ago, I met without knowing that my life was to be bound up with hers. We are not rich—so poor just now, in fact, that all I can give you on this anniversary is a little love letter; but there is no one we can afford to envy, and in each other's love we have what no wealth could compensate for. For twenty-three years you have been mine and I have been yours, and, though twenty-three years your husband, I am more than ever your lover."

The period of Mr. George's public career—from his coming to New York in 1880, shortly after the publication of "Progress and Poverty," till his death in the heat of the memorable mayoralty campaign of 1897—is set forth with much fullness of detail. Mr. George's connection with the Irish Land League agitation, arising through a commission given him by the editor of the *Irish World*, occupies a couple of chapters that are alive with dramatic interest. Several of his private letters to Mr. Ford are reproduced, and, in general, from the keenness and justice of their observations—in some respects signally verified by subsequent history—they supply a valuable commentary upon that vexed and crucial period. The biographer does not challenge attention to a fact with which the reader will not fail to be impressed—namely, that the opportunity afforded to Henry George by the *Irish World's* commission brought him at once before the eyes of the world and contributed largely to the propagation and popularization of his philosophy. Reading this section of the book, one is moved to wonder at the perverse ingenuity of that marplot spirit which is ever busy in the critical moments of Irish history. There never was, surely, a more auspicious moment for Ireland than that one, all too brief, when the successful agitation of the Land League, Michael Davitt and the *Irish World*, having brought the English Government to its knees and the "No Rent" manifesto having paralyzed all the forces of opposition, the friends of liberty everywhere looked with bated breath for the issue. Then came the dark chapter of the Kilmainham treaty, and all the fruit of the most intelligent and devoted efforts ever made for Ireland was thrown away by the recreancy of her own trusted leaders. No blacker treason was ever committed against the holy cause of Ireland.

"It is the birthright for the mess of pottage," was Henry George's comment.

Due space is allotted to the history of the anti-poverty agitation in New York and Mr. George's first mayoralty campaign. But these ashes are yet warm, and I shall not venture to tread

\* \* \* per ignes  
Suppositos cineri doloso."

In his treatment of the burning questions arising from the case of Dr. McGlynn, the anti-poverty crusade and its related political struggle, I believe that the son of Henry George has tried to hold the scales even. Still, to many this will appear the least satisfactory portion of the book, from the writer's failure—perhaps a natural and unconscious failure—to do strict justice to the motives of those who could not always act with his illustrious father or invariably acquiesce in the wisdom of his policy.

But, though a jarring note, this does not sensibly impair the value and dignity of young Mr. George's performance. In all fairness it must be said that the political or polemical mistakes which may be charged to Henry George have had

no enduring consequence, and in no way affect the integrity of his life work. A future generation that may see practically realized the dream of his humane philosophy, will care very little about the squabbles of the Anti-Poverty Society, and will not even consider gravely the absurd error into which the philosopher fell when he gave his support to a certain candidate named Cleveland in the year 1888.

Interesting and well-knit throughout, the biography gains in power as it draws to a close. The story of the last campaign, of the heroic death which so fittingly, yet tragically, rounded out the heroic life, is told with a tense sympathy in which we feel the pathos of tears held back. It compels the belief that the last act of Henry George's life was an act of supreme self-sacrifice; as high-motivated and sincere a martyrdom as the world has ever witnessed. How it transfigures with its own pure light the Master who was giving his life in furtherance of the principles dearer to him than life itself! But, indeed, might not such a crowning attestation of the faith that was in him have been expected of the man who wrote these words in the solemn conviction of his lofty mission?

"The truth that I have tried to make clear will not find easy acceptance. If that could be it would have been accepted long ago. If that could be, it would never have been obscured. But it will find friends—those who will toil for it; suffer for it; if need be, die for it. This is the power of truth."

From the *Irish World*.

## "COMMUNITY OF INTEREST."

THE NEW SOCIALISTIC SHIBBOLETH OF THE TRUSTS.

ANDREW CARNEGIE, a few weeks ago, threatened to enter into competition with the National Tube and other steel concerns, and to build his own railroad line to tide-water, so as to escape from the extortionate charges of the Pennsylvania R. R. Co. The threat bore speedy fruit.

Owing to their excessive capitalization, the steel companies became deeply alarmed at the prospect of determined opposition, backed by ample capital. The banking house of J. P. Morgan & Co. was consulted; many conferences were held. Shareholders threw their stocks overboard, well knowing what results would follow a wholesale slashing of rates in the steel industry, and prices dropped all around. When matters had assumed a most critical aspect, the announcement came that negotiations were on foot looking towards the absorption of the Carnegie Company, and very close relations between the various iron and steel concerns, especially the American Steel & Wire, Federal Steel and National Steel Companies. At this writing, final results have not as yet been obtained, but there is good authority for stating that the financial magnates will attain their objects and that Carnegie will sell his interests to the Morgan people.

A pursuance of the "community of interest" plan in the steel industry would lead to many important changes, and will probably be viewed with apprehension in conservative quarters. First the railroads and then the steel companies. The Morgan crowd would not have been so anxious to prevent competition and establish harmonious relations in the railroad and industrial field but for the fear of the probability of a general business reaction, with all that it implies in the way of rate-cutting and reduced consumptive demand. With the railroads, steel plants and coal companies all in one fold the gigantic trust will be able to withstand business depression with a better chance of success, and to maintain rates and prices on a profitable basis.

No such combination of capital has ever before been established in modern times. What the consequences may be is hard to foretell, at present. So much may be said, however; that it will lead to some startling economical changes, and a very close interdependence between business and politics. The political power and influence of trusts will be increased enormously.

In principle, as was stated in last week's MIRROR, it is a socialistic movement, although, for the time being, it is entirely in favor of the capitalistic classes. It is a direct outgrowth of the protective tariff system. It is paternalism running riot. If the consolidation movement should continue further, it will ultimately be an easy proposition for the Government to assume control of every railroad and manufacturing plant in the country, and to realize the cherished dreams of the followers of Marx, LaSalle and Bellamy. It may be that in February, 2001, the U. S.



Senate will be wrestling with presidential nominations for the running of iron mills, paper factories, ore reduction plants, etc., etc. Would not that be a glorious time for the political boss and wire-puller? It is a consoling thought that we won't be able to see it. We will be smiling in our coffins, by that time, at poor, foolish humanity.

Mark Tapley.

### HELEN.

I AM that Helen, that very Helen  
Of Leda born in the days of old;  
Men's hearts were as inns that I might dwell in;  
Houseless I wander to-night and cold.

Because man loved me, no god takes pity,  
My ghost goes wailing where I was queen!  
Alas, my chamber in Troy's tall city,  
My golden couches, my hangings green!

Wasted with fire are the halls they built me,  
And sown with salt are the streets I trod,  
Where flowers they scattered and spices spilt me—  
Alas, that Zeus is a jealous god!

Softly I went on my sandals golden:  
Of love and pleasure I took my fill;  
With Paris's kisses my lids were holden,  
Nor guessed I, when life went at my will,  
That the Fates, behind me, went softlier still.

Nora Hopper.

### JANE AUSTEN—A STUDY.

BY ELIZABETH WADDELL MARTIN.

IF Jane Austen—quiet, unassuming maid—scribbling by snatches in her corner of a visitor-infested, rectory parlor, her only study, making needlework her serious business and literature merely a pretty parergon; if this "most uninformed female," as she laughingly styled herself, could hear the verdict concerning her, which is going forth after a century, she would open her Anglo-Saxon gray eyes in astonishment.

True, it is not wholly because Austen is Austen, that there is such a revival of interest in her. She is but one of the dominant domes in that literary Mecca, the past, to which all eyes are turning. It is an age of resurrections and reversions. "Back to Christ"—"Back to Bethlehem!" is the cry of the Church—let us hope it is in some measure, at least, living up to the motto "Back to the classics, the models, the masters," is the watchword of the world of letters.

It must not be supposed that this harking back to Miss Austen—whose very name somehow suggests *austere*, and who is in all things the pink of propriety, comes from any overflow of saintliness. Assuredly not, for there is a Balzac revival also. Yet if one studies and compares the authors of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries who are just now being largely discussed and put into new editions, he will be likely to find much coherence of thought among their several works and some clue to the public's preference. Certain it is that with all the apparently opposite moral polarity of Austen and Balzac, they have in common a spirit of *whimsicality*. The six volumes which begin with "Pride and Prejudice" form very truly a *Comedie Humaine*, though without avowing it; while the French master grimly enrolls beneath that alluring title the blackest tragedy. The man or woman who can laugh at life with Austen, or laugh at death, with Balzac, is destined to the applause of this somewhat ribald twentieth century.

There may be, again, something reactionary in the feeling which drives the literary *roue* of to-day to a book like "Pride and Prejudice." Problem novels—passion novels—historical novels, have proved too much for him at last. He has turned from his too-potent potations of Burgundy and Champagne to the flowery fragrance of English breakfast tea.

Mr. Howells strikes a true note on the subject of the historical novel. He says the best historical novelist is he who faithfully records the customs of his own times for the amusement and instruction of future generations. He cites Miss Austen herself as belonging to this class, and her writings as true *historical* novels.

An attempt to reproduce the past from what can be gathered from books and art, is more difficult than the restoration of a mastodon from a single tooth. In history there are no scientific rules or classifications by which the skeleton-builder may be guided. A skeleton at best is the result. A Fielding, a Goldsmith, a Scott, gives us the mammoth, flesh, blood, respiration, all complete.

It is not only the present which has given Miss Austen her due. In two ways she was compared by contemporary or contiguous critics to Shakespeare. Macaulay places her second in the delineation of character, and George Henry Lewes gives her the same status with reference to dramatic power. The latter critic pronounced her and Fielding the two greatest English novelists. To be sure, that was before every previous fictionist had had his nose broken, so to speak, by the advent of Thackeray, and before Mr. Lewes' wife had achieved her fame. Yet it still appears that time, with all its developments, will have to accord Jane Austen a fourth or fifth place in English fiction.

The truth of the matter is, she holds simply her own place, defying comparison. Likening her in any degree to Shakespeare seems out of place, but her character painting is truly wonderful. Macaulay's estimate is better than that of Lewes. The passions she portrays are neither adequate in degree nor sufficiently cosmopolitan in range to give her great dramatic distinction. It is the characters she has created which have made her fame.

One secret of her skill seems to be in an artistic handling of light and shade. It is not always that her characters possess so much color, but that they stand out in such bold relief from the sober, neutral background of English middle-class existence. Dramatic? Not by present standards. Nothing more exciting than an occasional e'p'ement. Everything in the main punctilious, conventional, right. The chief surprise is that there is nothing to surprise anyone; that the readers' interest can be thus enchained without surprises. Here another secret reveals itself. Miss Austen is just a consummate gossip. Does not the commonest tittle-tattle interest us, so it be about people we know? Miss Austen makes us know her people. They are our neighbors; she gossips about them, and we are frivolous enough, or human enough, to like it.

It is good-humored gossip. The carnal-minded sometimes wishes she would make her villains a little more villainous, so he could, with propriety, hate them. She is rather inclined to make a character too good than too bad. Indeed, one or two are almost goody-goody, but the influence of these is generally counteracted by their weakness, so they are not unnatural after all. She teaches a lesson of charity and moderation; showing that the worst people are not to be hated nor the best over-commended.

She is so true to life that one sometimes feels inclined to shake her. One of her most exasperating forms of candor is her disillusionizing method of dealing with love. "Accident, blind contact, and the strong necessity of loving" are to blame for every match. There is no breath-taking first meeting of eyes; no love at first sight; no unaccountable affinity. Nor are there any disproportionate despairs. Each lady will live—though she will hardly do well—if she cannot get her chosen swain. Each gentleman would greatly prefer that his own particular Sacharissa would fly to his arms; but in the event of her failure to do so, he does not even think of pistols, poniards or potions.

Miss Austin is, indeed, a realist, but not according to the accepted definition. To-day realism means pessimism. This pioneer of realism is an optimist.

There is no taint of the problematic about her work. She never goes farther in criticising the laws and manners of her time than to put a "scheming mamma" in a ridiculous light, to picture the eldest son as a sort of family bugbear, or to indulge in a few witticisms on the system of entail. We are not confronted by her religious views, but we feel that they are of a thorough Church-of-England correctness; and if her *Mr. Collins* is as laughable a coxcomb as ever had his inane flatness further compressed by book-covers, that is no fling at the clergy in general.

Miss Austen reserves the richest of her sly humor for giving us a poke in the ribs over the pages of contemporary fiction. "Northanger Abbey," a good-tempered satire on the follies of the romantic novel, makes her the Cervantes of English literature. Her commonplace, feminine *Quixote* starts out with tilting at the windmills of imaginary ghosts and hobgoblins; and ends by marrying a lover, who, far

from snatching her from the jaws of fiery dragons, loves her for a good and sufficient reason; namely, because she first loved him.

In her little incidental critiques, our author is as boldly personal as Marie Corelli. Mrs. Radcliffe, Walpole, Godwin, Lewis, and others of that fantastic ilk, come in duly for their share of not unkindly irony. In "Northanger Abbey," which ought to be, and which some erroneously call her first book, she sets forth what realistic fiction is not; in the others, she proceeds to show what it is. In none of them does she succeed so well as in "Pride and Prejudice," which was really her earliest work. Volumes might be written on the reason why the first book is so often the masterpiece. Suffice it here to say that this book had the good fortune to be produced at the time in its author's life when the passions of which it treats are strongest. Overweening are the pride and prejudice of one-and-twenty; and this young novelist, as much a prodigy in her way as Keats in his, had reason to be proud of the first fruits of her genius.

"Subtle," "fascinating," "amusing," "exquisite," these are favorite adjectives for describing Miss Austen's style. The last of these words is most comprehensive. Hers is truly an exquisite art; so exquisite, indeed, as to be incomprehensible to some. The delicate shadings, the fine nuances of the Austen canvas are not for eyes untrained. She is more particularly the study of literary artists. We have had a good many "poets' poets;" we have in her the novelists' novelist. There is probably not a fiction writer of any note to-day living who would not, with Mr. Howells, name Jane Austen in a brief list of his favorite authors. She is worth the study, for it certainly does require a mastery of the narrator's art to lend enchantment to what, in ordinary hands, would be the most insipid commonplace.

It was the acme of Miss Austen's ambition to be just a story-teller. What she has to relate, she relates, going straight to the heart of the matter, and wasting no time on episodes or by-play. She will not be epigrammatic. That is the way to put it, for she gives the impression of being able to be so if she chose. In any epigram there is a certain straining after effect, and strain after effect she will not.

Perhaps the self-deplored "ignorance" of this "unlearned female" was her stronghold. The works of Richardson, Johnson, Crabbe and Cowper formed the staple of her reading, which could not have been extensive. Here was something else which she had in common with Shakespeare—the world's Shakespeare, not Ignatius Donnelly's. The Delilah of the octavos had not shorn her of her strength. She had positively no "masters" in fiction. Over-culture makes the dilettante, the pedant, or at best the critic, and not the creator. Witness Matthew Arnold—Learning personified, Culture with us—and the things he might have done had he been chiefly creator-minded and not critic-minded.

It takes human nature to appreciate human nature, or to depict it. Therefore, Jane Austen must have been fairly ebullient with human nature. Let us be thankful that it was not all educated out of her, and that this kind-hearted, clear-headed, ready-witted, merry "old maid" lived, and, dying, bequeathed us her six sparkling volumes, each pure enough for the school-room and virile enough for the study. May they be a legacy to "heirs forever."

### TALISMAN.

(To Rudolph Evans, Sculptor.)

PROUD with the power to do,  
Let shallow minds jest and misunderstand;  
Thyself alone can judge the false and true,  
And there is naught to rue  
If soul approve that moulded by the hand.

Ever the good unrest,  
The flame-like urge and aspiration wild;  
Ah! stoop not once from thy great, simple quest,  
Seek—seek the ultimate best,  
Wide in the dawn or in the face of a child.

Count world's way as vain  
So but thy soul be passionate and sure;  
Work—glad of heart, strong with the precious gain,  
Reached through years of pain;  
Though gods and cities fall thy dreams endure.

Wilbur Underwood.



## A MEDICINE SYNDICATE.

BY A PHYSICIAN.

**M**ORE than a dozen State Legislatures are now wrestling with laws to regulate the practice of medicine. The warfare is general against the mind-curists, faith-curists, osteopaths and others. The Medical Societies are solidly arrayed against the fads, and the medical profession is probably the best organized profession in the country, having city or county societies represented by delegates to State and Interstate and even sectional organizations, like the Mississippi Valley Medical Association, and these latter represented by delegates to National Associations. The medical organization is pretty nearly as well systematized as Tammany Hall.

Most miraculous to tell, too, is the fact that old foes are leagued together in the fight against the innovations. We all remember how allopaths fought homœopaths and both fought eclectics. Now the trio of "pathies" are joined to crush out the new fantastic treatments and schools. Of course it is a decided advance that the three formerly warring schools should get together and work as one. They all clamor for State examinations of those who would practice medicine.

Until very recently all allopaths regarded homœopaths as quacks, and all eclectics as double-distilled quacks. Now, so far as one can judge, all these former quacks are to be duly legitimized, and only the outsiders are to be called quacks. All the medical and surgical journals are thundering at the legislatures to shut out all the new schools by stringent laws.

As a physician I must admit having a certain sympathy with the movement for the regulation of medicine, but, looking at the matter from the broader viewpoint of the citizen and student of government, I must doubt the wisdom of the agitation and the wisdom of the laws which may result from such agitation.

A bill presented to the legislature of New York is a type of all the other bills in the other States, and its expressed purpose is to place the osteopath and the Christian Scientist *et id genus omne* in the position of being compelled to pass a State examination in order to practice their peculiar forms of pseudo-therapeutics without interference by the authorities. The proposed act is in the form of an amendment to an existing law, and its important section provides that "any person shall be regarded as practicing medicine within the meaning of the act, who shall prescribe, direct, recommend, or advise, for the use of any other person, any remedy or agent whatsoever, whether with or without the use of any medicine, drug, instrument or other appliance, for the treatment, relief or cure of any wound, fracture, or bodily injury, infirmity, physical, or mental or other defect or disease." The *Medical Record* would prefer to have the amendment read: "Any remedy, agent, or method whatsoever," and, if thus altered, that paper can not see how the act could be circumvented by the unlicensed charlatan, or how it could reasonably be objected to by any legislator. In California a pending bill provides for a State commission, composed of representatives of the three principal schools of medicine—allopathic, homœopathic, and eclectic—that shall pass upon all applicants for admission to practice, and shall grant them licenses, providing they meet the required qualifications.

It has been decided in New York State, in the case of *Smith vs. Lane*, that to practice osteopathy is not to practice medicine. One argument advanced in favor of this decision has been that no drugs were ordered by the various unlicensed individuals. It is absolutely incomprehensible to Dr. Shrady's *Medical Record* that even the most ordinary lay mind should not at once perceive that the mere ordering or using of a drug is not practicing medicine, and that the practicing of medicine consists in assuming responsibility, making a diagnosis, and suggesting treatment, be that treatment medicinal, mechanical, or psychical in its nature. Dr. Shrady goes on to assert that the unlicensed practitioner undoubtedly does all of these latter things, especially when he is an "osteopath" or a "Christian Scientist," and is in consequence just as certainly practicing medicine as is the registered physician who straps a sprained ankle, or applies counter-irritation, for instance, though, in the case of the former, there is no legal responsibility, while the registered physician can be mulcted in damages for any real or apparent dereliction, or lack of skill.

The question of legal responsibility is made clearer by an illustration: A man sustains a Pott's fracture and, consulting a regularly licensed practitioner, is told that he has a sprain of the ankle and is treated accordingly. Two months later he has the characteristic deformity and disability, and, the facts being proved, any jury would award him damages, because the medical man had not used due care. In this instance, the State's license to practice is, in a measure, a guarantee that the holder of the license is capable, and the possessor of knowledge up to a certain standard, and that the State will hold him responsible if he does not use due care, knowledge, and skill in the treatment of those who apply to him for advice.

In the case of the unlicensed practitioner, the patient is just as well off, as far as recovering damages is concerned in the event of disability or deformity after such an injury as we have described, as if he had asked advice and treatment from the first stranger whom he met after he was injured. No jury would award damages, and there would be no legal redress, because the practitioner is not recognized by law, and the patient has solicited treatment knowing the conditions.

The medical profession demands that every individual who assumes the responsibility of caring for the sick and injured shall pass the State examination, and shall take out a license, so that, no matter what ideas he may have with regard to therapeutics, he shall at least satisfy a duly constituted board that he has a good knowledge of the fundamental branches—atomy, physiology, obstetrics and pathology. With these conditions fulfilled, the system of therapeutics is not very important. And here ends the argument of Dr. Schrady's great medical periodical.

Now if this be the argument the case is weak. If legal responsibility be the main point, the contention must fail. The legal responsibility of a physician can hardly be established. Coming down to hard, cold facts it is impossible to say that, in any fatal case under the care of any member of any recognized school, the fatal termination of the case was due to the treatment given. You will never hear a doctor admit that he killed a man; but every doctor knows in his heart that he has had men die under his care when he had no idea what was the matter or had an entirely wrong idea. Every doctor knows that very often recoveries are achieved in spite of erroneous diagnoses and wrong treatment. Men are treated for one thing and die of something else. Men are treated for ailments which post-mortem examinations declare do not exist. And the person who sues a physician or surgeon for malpractice rarely gets damages, simply because the profession is well able to justify, by wise professional saws and multitudinous modern instances that "mistakes will happen" and that it is unjust to blame physicians for being unable surely to read all the mysteries of nature. The State's license cannot guarantee the capability of the licensee. Every case a doctor treats is different. Because a man answers satisfactorily the questions of an examining board to-day, it does not necessarily follow that he will properly treat a case six months or six years or sixteen years from the time of his examination. Doctors are not without their quarrels and they are prone to point out often enough how other doctors have killed patients by wrong treatment, but they never will swear to it and they will find all sorts of justification for error on a physician's part—unless the physician advertises. The profession thinks it worse, much worse, to advertise than to kill patients. And the legal responsibility of the doctor is a myth, to all practical intents and purposes.

What an absurdity that we should have laws on the statute books to punish anyone for applying remedies like the molasses and onions, the senna and manna, the flaxseed poultice or other treatments of "old women," which we can approve as efficacious! Shall we send a druggist to the penitentiary for giving a patently bilious man a pill, or for helping out a neighbor who wants a nerve-bracer in the morning after a banquet. Why, a man's wife could be fined for giving him a mustard foot-bath without consulting a physician. The whole thing is absurd on its face. Advocates of such legislation will tell us that the law would not be applied in the way referred to, but that is not exactly the point. A law like the New York law could be so applied and its application would be an unbearable tyranny.

In all the agitation for suppression of these so-called fads there is one stock argument. "Would you set a broken bone by faith?" Now it is a fact that the faddists don't claim to be able to do such a thing as set a bone by

faith. And Lord knows what a howl there'd be if a law were passed requiring a special permit to practice surgery. Yet we have too many, ignorant, fool surgeons who go about cutting and gashing and murdering without stint. Propose such a law and you would hear a great howl about restricting freedom. Yet bad surgeons and ignorant surgery kill hundreds where the fads kill one.

We are making too much of the State. We have too many laws, too many boards, too many certificates for this, that and the other. We are too much hampered by various sorts of red-tape. And, after all, the question of life is an individual question. A certificate from the State doesn't make a man able or moral. Its absence does not make him ignorant or vile. The regulation of things by the State has become a fad-nuisance. What right has the State to say what medicine the man shall take, or what school of medicine he shall believe in, any more than what religious creed he shall profess? Why condemn "Christian Science" theories when we admit the value of suggestion? Why denounce osteopathy when we practice massage? Why not, if we are to go into such business, appoint bailiffs whose duty it shall be to seize and strap down persons suspected of illness, and then to pour a State brand of medicine down their throats? The individual should have the right to consult whom he pleases, and to take what he pleases. If he doesn't believe in medicine he shouldn't be forced to take it. The State cannot prescribe, in justice, any one particular form of medical treatment for all men. The doctors of one school or another have no right to insist that the people shall have faith in them and deny all other forms of faith-cure. If people will not be treated my way, I may have my opinion of their intelligence, but I can't and should not be allowed to coerce them by law. The matter of treating a patient is one between the patient himself and whomsoever he selects to treat him. He may select the wrong man or the wrong method, but the State should not interfere. You may say that the State, then, should permit a man to commit suicide. But the man who selects his physician does not select a physician to kill him, but to cure him, and it is a flagrant fact that when the patient dies the person selected blames the death on something other than his treatment. The faith curist blames it to lack of faith; the "regular" to the perversity of nature or failure to take the drugs. We're all alike in the main.

I do not believe in faith-cure, mind-cure, Christian Science, osteopathy or homœopathy. I am of the allopathic cultus. But as a citizen I don't believe it is wise for the State to force any "pathy" or "cure" upon any one. I don't believe in all these examinations and certificates by Boards. I don't believe the average Board supremely qualified to pass on such things. The people should be let alone. They may go wrong after fads of various sorts, but they cannot be coerced into the right. They can be reached only by education. They are not to be bulldozed into getting certain doctors when they are ill. They know that the patients of the doctors of all schools die. They know that the doctor is not infallible, and they feel that he is logically absurd when he ridicules the fallibility of the new medical fads. The people must think out the reasonableness underlying all the fads for themselves, and they will do it. People will die under Christian Science and osteopathy, but they will die anyhow, and argument is not going to benefit the dead men. The common sense of this question will work itself out without State interference.

State interference will be productive of bad results. It will tend, once the custom grows, to check progress. The fads and follies serve their purposes in discovering truth. The new ideas are not necessarily wholly bad because new. And the State should not make of any profession a close corporation, so close that any man who differs with the conservatives or old fogies shall be deemed dangerous. Let the people alone. Let them choose their own physicians. If they err let them pay the penalty. We can't prevent their erring, because to do so we would have to prevent their thinking. We should not regulate their medicine any more than their daily food and drink by State laws of exceeding stringency. We can't insist that a man shall not consult another man about his health or shall consult only one kind of men. Leave men free! They will go wrong, but they will bring up all right. And just now the chief thing that keeps the fad-cures alive is the fight against them.

As a physician, I don't believe State laws can make good physicians, or that State laws can make bad people good, or that State laws can make fools wise, or that State



laws can suppress the queer notions of men who are unable to think correctly. I don't believe the State should be in the doctor business any more than any other private business, for the moment it begins to go into business that moment it begins farthing privilege and classism and I though a physician for thirty years, do not want the State to get up a doctors' trust or a medicine syndicate. The fittest will survive if let alone, and it is not for us to say who or what is fittest until the scheme of progress is much more generously unveiled to our senses than it is at present.

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## RAILROADS IN MISSOURI.

A SANE WORD OR THE SUBJECT.

THE appended paragraphs from the *Columbia Missouri Herald* are a great rejoicement to the person who follows the utterances of the ordinary, country Democratic paper in this State. They make a brilliant sound of sanity in an anarchic chaos of anti-railroad demagoguery. The ordinary rural editor is always denouncing the railroads, being spurred thereto by politicians who want to use the editor in order to make capital for themselves with the discontented. It is an ancient and mouldy trick, in Missouri, for a politician to generate sympathy for himself by proclaiming that the railroads are against him. It is this claim that makes legislators make war on railroads. And foolish war on railroads makes railroads maintain lobbyists in politics; and besides, most proposed legislation against railroads is conceived primarily with the intent of bringing the lobbyists to time and making them "cough up" to prevent the legislation. Furthermore, it is not unknown that lobbyists themselves prepare anti-railroad bills for introduction, in order that they may profit by beating them. The railroads are not in politics, except when they are forced into them. They are continually forced into politics by the politicians, in the Legislature and out. And as a result, the railroad business in Missouri, if it prosper at all, prospers in spite of the hostility of a community deliberately fooled and misled by politicians and editors deluded by politicians. The *Columbia Missouri Herald* is the handsomest and ablest country paper in Missouri and, probably, in the United States. It is a loyal, regular, Democratic publication. Its words, therefore, are worthy the attention of the politicians and legislators and business men generally. The railroads running through the State are among the best in the country. They have done miracles developing the State, in increasing its wealth, in improving the condition of every man in the State, and heretofore their chief reward has been the imposition of unreasonable obstructions, interference with rates, bills for boodle strikes, and indiscriminate, general abuse of the most scurrile character.

The assertion is made now that the railroads do not want a Constitutional Convention this year. It is alleged that the railroads oppose the convention for fear that a revision of the Constitution will imperil their business. The allegation comes chiefly from men who are interested in convincing the railroads that the Constitutional Convention may be extremely Popocratic, and that they—the convancers—are the only persons who know how to handle the money to prevent the accomplishment of Populistic purposes against the roads. The lobbyists create the danger out of their own imaginations in order to work the railroads for heavy fees and, possibly, for slush funds, the greater part of which never leave the lobbyists' pockets.

In view of these circumstances it is hoped that the *Missouri Herald's* article will be pondered by the leaders of the party of which that paper is the ablest and most influential organ. In short space the article affords conclusive demonstration that the policy of the dominant party in the recent past has been a policy of hostility to the general best interests of the State. The article follows:

"Much as is said about the domination of corporations, especially of railroads, the history of Missouri does not bear out the theory that railroad building has been a very profitable business in this State. There has not been a long railroad line built in this State in many years. If we except

the trans-continental routes, which have been constructed for the accommodation of through business, no railroads, outside of those inaugurated by State aid in 1851-52, have been built in Missouri. Many counties have no railroad facilities, and there is a large number of thriving towns to which railroads do not extend. How different is our neighboring State of Iowa, which has a railroad to every county seat, and which is a network of railroads.

"It is a short-sighted policy which cripples railroad building. It is placing an embargo on progress. While railroads are public carriers, and as such should bear their burden of taxation, they are also public conveniences and blessings, which are indispensable. Legislatures instead of hampering railroads we now have should encourage the building of more until every section of the State is supplied with them. If Missouri had railroads like Iowa, she would have six millions of people and two billions of wealth."

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## A GOOD WAY WITH WOMEN.

AS ONE OF THEM FOUND OUT.

I WAS sitting alone in the tent, watching the others play tennis. At least I professed to be watching them. As a matter of fact, I was day-dreaming. The dreams—I may as well confess it—were about Bob Chalmers and myself. He had paid me marked attention during the fortnight that he had been staying in the neighborhood.

Some one roused me by slogging a ball into the tent. When I had thrown it out and settled down again. I noticed that a couple of men were talking on the bench just outside. One voice was dear old Colonel Wardell's. The other belonged to a stranger—the gentleman who was staying with him, I suppose.

"Just fancy Bob Chalmers coming down here!" said the stranger. "I shouldn't have thought there was anything at Faraway to attract him." I smiled contentedly. He had seemed to find—something."

"Oh!" said the colonel. "I don't know. If he likes a country life, you see?"

"I shouldn't think it was the least in his line. He's a regular society man, knows all the best people."

"Does he? I should hardly have thought—er—"

"Well, you see his wife—" His wife! The tent seemed to whirl round me. I lost the conclusion of the sentence; also the reply. When I recovered, the visitor was speaking again.

"A niece of Lord Hevington," he said. "Awfully pretty woman. The belle of her season. He carried her off from a regular crowd of fellows, somehow or other. Quite a love match."

"He always had a good way with women," remarked the colonel, with a laugh.

He had a "way" with one woman I knew.

"A jolly good fellow," declared the stranger, emphatically. "I can understand anyone liking him."

"They're a nice family," the colonel agreed. "Hullo! They've finished the set. Now, let me introduce you. You must try a game. Not play? Nonsense! You used to hold your own, I remember."

I heard them walk away and join in the Babel of merry voices. Some one came into the tent and asked me to make one in the next game, but I pleaded a headache. The excuse was true, I think; but I wasn't sure about the headache, or anything. "How could he have been so cruel!" I kept thinking to myself. He had seemed so frank and open. It was part, I supposed, of his "way" with women.

I decided to go home and avoid meeting him until I had recovered a little, but before I could carry out my resolution I heard his quick step upon the gravel path. I set my lips and made another resolution. He should not have the satisfaction of thinking that I cared.

"Why!" he cried, with his merry laugh, "there isn't anything wrong with the ground after all. I thought it looked awfully uninteresting till I saw this side of the tent."

I smiled and made room for him.

"I wonder," I inquired, "whether you really think that I believe all your pretty speeches? Come now, do tell me."

"Don't I say them as if I mean them?" He tossed his cap into a corner and stretched himself lazily.

"Oh, dear me, yes, you have an admirable 'way' with

poor, helpless woman. I heard some one say so the other day, do you know?" He pulled his mustache dubiously.

"I should be satisfied if one woman thought so." He looked down upon me with a smile. He is big, even when he is sitting.

"Only one?"

"Only one."

"Of course, you say that to all of them. It is part of the 'way.'" He folded his hands across his knee and considered the matter.

"Would you like me to record a solemn affirmation upon the subject?" he inquired.

"No." I smiled at him as gayly as I could. "I won't be made an accessory before the fact."

"What fact?"

"Perjury." He shrugged his shoulders.

"You are in a teasing mood," he suggested.

"Am I? You don't mind, do you?"

"Not a bit." He laughed. He had no business to have such a frank, honest laugh, I thought indignantly. "I should mind very much if you were in earnest, Miss Eve."

"More of the 'way!' Really, Mr. Chalmers, you are excellent." He regarded me carefully and grew rather grave. "I am afraid," he remarked at length, "I have done something to displease you." I looked at him innocently. It hurt me to meet his eyes, but I did not flinch.

"The weak spot of man," I pronounced, "is his vanity. He considers all his doings of interest—pleasing or displeasing—to others."

"To his particular friends," he corrected.

"Am I honored by inclusion in that category?" Yesterday the question would have appeared needless. To-day it seemed absurd.

"It is a matter which requires two persons to settle. So far as I am concerned—" He paused and glanced swiftly at me. "Possibly you would say it was only part of the 'way' if I finished the sentence?"

I studied the tennis carefully.

"Do you wish me to finish it?" he asked. He had the gift of throwing a great deal of suggestion into a few colorless words.

"It is hardly worth while. A compliment is obviously the proper thing. You never fail in your duty on such occasions."

"Do I seem so hopelessly insincere?"

"On the contrary. You seem so unmistakably in earnest. That is why I consider you so splendid!" I laughed—quite a merry-sounding laugh this time. But, oh! I was so miserable.

"Miss Eve!"

"Don't try heroics, Mr. Chalmers. When you look so innocent and injured—"

"Upon my word," he said, with some heat, "I think I am."

"Do you? I am so sorry. Shall I pretend to believe it all?" I asked. "I'm rather good at 'pretend' myself, I think. Of course, I can't do it so well as you, but—"

He rose hastily to find a wandering ball. I was glad to see him throw it so savagely. It was a little consolation to hurt his vanity.

"You are—impossible—this evening," he remarked, with his usual good humor, when he had returned.

"I am sorry, because—do you know I was thinking that I am myself for once?"

"You are not a bit like yourself," he contradicted.

"Really! Am I such a simple 'self' that you have learned all about me in a few days' acquaintance?" I asked, scornfully.

"I didn't mean that, of course," he said, slowly. "No doubt there are more charms to discover, impossible as it seems." I bowed mockingly. "But one infers from the known to the unknown."

"Supposing there is a 'known' to infer from," I suggested. He looked at me in astonishment.

"Do you mean to say that, after our pleasant fortnight?" —I raised my eyebrows. "Of course, I speak only for myself."

"I concede the 'pleasant,'" I said, with a smile that was not intended to look genuine.

"Do you mean that we haven't shown most of our real selves? That we have just played a play?"

"You know we have," I said with an air of frankness. "It has been great fun. I really have enjoyed it immensely. But I am not such a practiced actor as you, and I am get-



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ting a little tired of pretending." He drew his breath sharply. "It had occurred to me that, perhaps, he really had cared a little."

"I do not understand," he said. "Surely you don't mean—you can't mean—that you have merely been pretending to be good friends with me?"

"Of course not," I said, lightly. "We're excellent friends, I hope. But friendship has certain limits." The night before he had held my hand ever so tightly in the dusk, and when we parted he tried to—he almost—Oh, well, I'll tell the truth. He kissed me.

"Is it absolutely impossible for friendship to grow—" He touched my hand, and I drew it sharply away.

"It depends upon persons and circumstances, of course," I replied coldly.

"In our case and circumstances?" My heart beat furiously that he should dare to go so far. I would draw him a little further, I decided. So I looked at my shoes and said nothing. "Eve? Pretty, little Eve?" I turned and laughed up at him.

"It is so silly—when neither of us is the least in earnest!" He stared at me in apparent bewilderment.

"Do you mean," he said, sternly, "that you have no thought for me beyond mere friendship? If so, you are the most heartless—" I drew myself up stiffly.

"Really," I said frigidly, "you carry the 'way' too far, Mr. Chalmers. There is a point at which it becomes an insult."

"Insult!" He stood up and towered over me. "Insult! That I love you. That I—oh, I am a fool to tell you."

"Foolishness," I said, meaningly, "is pardonable. Some things are not. Deceit is one of them." He looked down at me for a moment. Then he smiled a wintry smile.

"Deceit," he said, "is one of them. I do not think I shall ever be deceived by a woman again."

He looked so angry that it seemed to me that, perhaps,

after all, he had really fallen in love with me a little. It was wrong, wicked, inexcusable; but I was glad, glad, glad! I must find out, I resolved.

"Tell me honestly," I demanded, "if you can drop pretense for once—"

"You have no right to speak to me like that," he interrupted, furiously.

"Have I not? Have you not known perfectly well, all along, that you would never, never be anything more to me than a friend?"

"I think," he said, "that you are the—" He stopped abruptly. "I don't like to say hard things to a woman," he stated after an interval. Then we were silent.

There was a sudden burst of conversation when the game came to an end.

"They will be making up another set," I said. "Won't you join them?"

He took a quick step to the opening of the tent. Then he turned.

"For God's sake, Eve," he implored, "tell me that it isn't your real self that is speaking this evening. If you knew how much I cared for you, if you understood—"

"I understand," I said, quietly.

"Haven't you down in the bottom of your heart, just one little bit of love for me? When I love you so much—my dear?"

I tried to say "no," but I couldn't. I clinched my hands fiercely and bit my lips to keep from crying aloud. Oh, he should never, never know! After a few seconds, that seemed an age, the others came to the tent.

"Ah, Miss Eve," said the colonel, "I knew that you would be hiding here, but I wouldn't disturb you. Let me introduce another Mr. Robert Chalmers, the cousin of our big friend here." I rose mechanically. "He is coming to settle down here with his wife and—Why what is the matter, my dear?"

"I—I—feel faint," I said feebly. I dropped back in a

chair and everything grew misty. Some one ran for water, I think, and the two Robert Chalmers lifted me, chair and all, into the open air.

I soon recovered. Then they lifted me back again into the tent, out of the cooling breeze. They insisted upon carrying me, though I knew I could have walked. Then I began laughing and talking, and they went off one by one, till only Bob—my Bob—was left. He sat down on a chair some distance from me, and looked out through the opening and didn't speak.

I thought of several things to say, but they didn't seem the right ones. So I waited a few minutes for him to begin, but he didn't. He looked so hurt that I felt I couldn't wait any longer.

"It is awkward," I remarked, feebly, "that you and your cousin have the same name."

"It is not unusual with cousins," he answered, indifferently.

"No-o, but—" I looked at him appealingly.

"I don't see why it matters."

"People might mistake one for the other."

"Yes. Do you mean—has anyone?"

"No-o. At least—Do you know your cousin's wife?"

"Of course! One of the jolliest little women in the world. He is devoted to her."

"People might think that you were—"

"Eve!"

"Were married, I mean."

He stared at me for a moment, then he jumped. . . . It was a good thing that I was sitting right at the side of the tent.

When he had spoiled my hat and crushed my blouse he demanded an explanation. So I explained. I expected that he would be dreadfully cross, but he wasn't. He just put his arm around me and . . .

As I said, he has a good way with—me.

Chicago Times Herald.



## CIVIC PRIDE AND MUSIC.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

Two articles regarding the welfare of music in this city have appeared recently in the MIRROR, the first over the signature "A. C. W." and the second very evidently from the hands of the very able editor of the aforesaid "Journal for Thinking People," one on one side of the question and the other on the opposite side. It is not likely that, in this instance, the house divided against itself will fall, especially as there is an easily accessible middle ground upon which both may stand. The MIRROR of last Thursday says that it "is glad to note that the proposition of bringing Theo. Thomas orchestra here and abandoning the Choral-Symphony Orchestra has been squelched." As far as I know there has been no such proposition except that contained in the letter signed "A. C. W." I am sure that the fifty guarantors of the recent Thomas concerts, among them officers and subscribers of the Choral-Symphony Society, never entertained any such idea. Indeed, the first suggestion of it, so far as I know, was made by "A. C. W." It is unfortunate that any misinformed people should be arrayed for or against an undoubtedly imaginary proposition. I know that the gentlemen who guaranteed the expenses of the Thomas concerts were actuated only by a regard for the best interests of music in this city and not one of them with whom I have conversed has ever considered it as even possible that the Chicago Orchestra should take the place of our own, either now or during the World's Fair. Civic pride is far from dead in St. Louis and any one who expects to be at the funeral may have an open date far in the future.

It is possible that some few people hold to the idea that the Choral-Symphony Society must have the whole field to itself in order to exist at all. Such a notion is far from complimentary to the Society. It is safe to say that there is only one other orchestra in the world equal to that conducted by Theo. Thomas, namely, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, but still hundreds of towns in Europe and some few in America go plodding along with their inferior orchestras, worshipping at the shrine of the divine art with all the devotion of earnest lovers of music. St. Louis can have an orchestra as fine as that in Chicago, when it will pay for it, and not until then. If this agitation would only bring it about that the wealthy gentlemen already interested in musical matters would subscribe to a guarantee fund, even of \$50,000, and begin next season the organization of an orchestra for the World's Fair, great good would result from it.

The building of a Chinese wall around St. Louis in order to keep out Mr. Thomas and other musical organizations would do much more harm to St. Louis than to those whom it kept out. It has been demonstrated that Mr. Thomas and Chicago can get along without St. Louis and certainly St. Louis can get along without Mr. Thomas and the Chicago orchestra. The question is, what is best? From the Chicago point of view, whatever Mr. Thomas earns here, over the expenses of the trip, is just so much gain to the guarantors in Chicago. From the St. Louis point of view it is the possession of the privilege of hearing just as good concerts as are given in Chicago for about a quarter the money they cost there. It is equally evident that, in this kind of a bargain, St. Louis is getting the benefit of the money spent by the Chicago guarantors.

The educational value of the Thomas concerts can hardly be overestimated. Complimentary tickets were given to all members of the Choral-Symphony orchestra who could actually attend the two performances recently given, and between 60 and 70 tickets were thus given away. It is not unlikely that the gentlemen who guaranteed the concerts then would be willing to extend the same courtesy again, should Mr. Thomas come here for other performances.

It seems to me that there is no ground for conflict between home and foreign talent. The first duty of St. Louis is to her home people, but duty to home people by no means deprives it of the privilege of enjoying the advantages of the musical achievements of the whole outside world, if they can be made accessible.

The Choral Symphony Society will live by the musical taste that prevails in this city, and everything that advances taste towards an appreciation of the higher forms of the art makes patrons and supporters for the Society. What the Choral Symphony Society needs more than guarantors is subscribers; people who will sit and listen to the performances, go away and talk about them and make converts to the cause of good music. The guarantor who stays at home is valuable only in proportion to the money he actually expends in making up the deficit. The subscriber reduces the deficit and if there were enough of them there would be no deficit at all. The Boston Symphony orchestra has reached this exalted plane in the minds and hearts of the people of the New England metropolis. It was something like 20 years in attaining it.

It has been suggested that if the Choral Symphony Society would give fewer concerts each season it would improve matters. It seems to me that this is a mistaken idea. A man who seldom reads a book or newspaper gets into the habit of living without them, and it is quite the same with those who seldom attend concerts or the theatre. Any theatrical manager knows that in order to hold his public he must always have something for them to hear or see, and about the worst thing that can happen to him is to have his house "dark" frequently or for any length of time. A poor show and poor business are preferable to no show at all.

Neither the Choral Symphony Society nor any other musical enterprise that requires a large sum of money for its support will pay expenses until St. Louis contains 5,000 or 6,000 people whose tastes, and, indeed, whose very natures, demand musical entertainment. The great thing for the Choral Symphony Society to undertake is missionary work among the well-to-do, who have, at present, little knowledge of or interest in the music which makes up its programs. In this work it can utilize to great advantage the influence of Theo. Thomas, the Castle Square Opera Company and every other high class musical organization that comes or lives among us. If any change is to be made in the number of concerts to be given, let them be increased. Many of the members of the orchestra are on a weekly salary and could play a concert every week just as well as one every two weeks. It is to be hoped that the day is not far distant when every member of the orchestra will be on a weekly salary, and, not obliged to play all night at a ball, and perhaps, part of the day in a marching band, as a preparation for playing a symphony in the evening.

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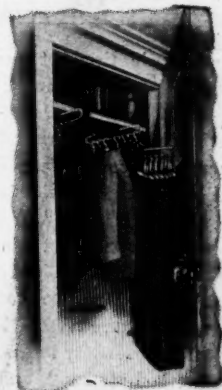
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## CONCERNING VERDI.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

Reading the MIRROR's article on life of Verdi, quoted from *Dramatic Mirror*, it is very apparent that considerable dust accumulated thereon has dimmed its reflection. Permit me to take the dusting-cloth.

Verdi's opera "Aida," was first performed in Cairo, in 1869, in celebration of the opening of the Suez Canal—consequently not in 1871, as you have it saying production of opera was delayed on account of blockade of scenery during the siege of Paris. Adeline Patti sang the title role in Cairo in 1869, two years before your scenery blockade. Don't you forget to use the dusting process on your own and the *Dramatic Mirror*,

especially your own; it's not always immaculately clear and clean. Elk.

St. Louis, Feb. 7.

"Your husband is not looking well to-night, Mrs. Rhymmer. Has he been overworking himself?" "It isn't that so much; it is his originality. Why, that man is struck by so many original ideas that his mind must be one mass of bruises."—*Woman's Journal*.

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SOCIETY.

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.  
Mr. and Mrs. Cullen Battle left last week for California, where they will spend some weeks.  
Mr. and Mrs. Russell Harding, of the Southern Hotel, are again at home, after an Eastern trip.  
Miss Cayloma Evans, of the South Side, has returned from a visit to her sister, Mrs. Claggett, at Jefferson City.

Mrs. William Marshall Magill gave a valentine tea from four to six o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, Feb. 12th, from four to six o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Havens, of Cabanne, and Miss Patia Havens, have gone to spend some weeks at Hot Springs, for the benefit of Mrs. Havens' health.

The Cotillion Club gave a handsome Cotillion on Tuesday evening at Mahler's hall, under the chaperonage of Mrs. Edward Mallinkrodt and Mrs. James L. Blair.

Mrs. Charles Drummond, of Lindell boulevard, gave a very pretty but informal luncheon on Monday afternoon. Miss Clarkson Carpenter, Miss Grace Thompson and Miss Carrie Cook were among the guests.

Mrs. Francis Balfour York and Miss Florence York, gave an "at home" on Wednesday afternoon, Feb. 13th, at their home, 3137 Pine street, from three to five o'clock. Miss Bertha Chouteau Turner was the guest of honor.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Kemper Gilman, of 4054 Lindell boulevard, gave a handsome euchre party on Wednesday evening, in honor of their guest, Miss Holland who returned with Mr. and Mrs. Gilman from the East a short time ago.

It is announced that on March 14th will take place the marriage of Miss Alexina Louise Greenleaf to Capt. Ernest Peugeot. Capt. Peugeot is a wealthy and widely popular widower, and the bride is a charming young lady, daughter of an old family in St. Louis. The wedding will be a very quiet affair.

Invitations have been sent out by Col. John J. Clague, of the U. S. Army, now residing in Cabanne, for the marriage of his daughter, Miss Leonora Montgomerie Clague, to Dr. Otto Fisher Ball. The ceremony will take place very quietly on Feb. 19th, at the Church of the Ascension, at six o'clock. Owing to the bride being in mourning, the guests will be limited to relatives.

An engagement of much interest, which has just been announced, is that of Mr. Howard Boogher and Miss Bessie Lane, of Hillsboro, Mo. The young lady spent a few days last week with Mrs. Walter Boogher, of West Pine boulevard, who gave a luncheon in her honor at the St. Louis Club. Miss May Sommerville, whose engagement was announced a short time ago, was also a guest of honor.

A mask ball will be given by the Union Club this, Thursday, evening. The decorations are to be unusually elaborate and in line with Saint Valentine and a number of special features are arranged for. The following gentlemen compose the Floor and Press Committees: Messrs. Thos. McKenzie, J. Henry Conrades, Jr., Theo. S. Blair, Dr. A. L. Boyce and Ferd A. Bencke.

Mrs. Clarence W. White, who has come to St. Louis to reside within the past year, will give a valentine tea on Friday afternoon, from three to six o'clock, which will be a very handsome affair. The hostess will be assisted in receiving by Mrs. Huntington Smith, Mrs. John Ockerson and Mrs. Beach. Miss Helen White, the little daughter of the house, in the character of Cupid's mail carrier, will distribute to each guest a "white" valentine. Among the young ladies serving will be Misses Florence York, May Sommerville, Jennie Burroughs, of Auburn, N. Y., Ella Stanard, Bertha Chouteau Turner, Wynman, and Mrs. Harry Wagoner.

The Daughters of the Confederacy will give a reception and ball in the Masonic Hall of the Odeon, Monday evening, February 18th. They hope, by this entertainment, to complete the sum necessary to pay for the handsome monument being erected at Springfield. Mr. Trentanove, the sculptor who has this work in charge, has been in Italy all winter, personally superintending the casting of the bronze soldier that is to surmount a granite base about twenty feet in height. Governor and Mrs. Dockery, Lieut-Gov. Jno. A. Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Cook and daughter, Senator and Mrs. Heather, and others, have accepted the invitation of the Daughters of the Confederacy, and will be honored guests on the occasion of the ball.

The marriage of Miss Katharine Bronson, of Louisville, Ky., and Mr. Guy Warren, of St. Louis, took place on Tuesday evening, Feb. 12th, at the home of the bride in Louisville, and was a very fashionable affair, preceded by a number of handsome entertainments, among which was a

ball on Monday evening. Mrs. Anne Warren, of St. Louis, mother of the groom, and his sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Poe left on Saturday evening, with a party of young people to attend. The bride had for her maid of honor her sister, Miss Sally Bronson, and most of the groomsmen were St. Louisans. Mr. John Worthington Valliant, of St. Louis, served as best man, and Messrs. Leroy Valliant, Don Rodgers and Will Fisher, of St. Louis, as groomsmen. Messrs. Mel Gray, formerly from here but now a resident of Ohio, and Charles Bronson completed the number. After the ceremony, a large reception was held, and afterwards Mr. and Mrs. Warren departed for a honeymoon tour. They will reside in Chicago. Miss Annys Barnet, of Kansas City, was with the St. Louis party.

The marriage of Miss Bessie Vastine and Mr. Robert M. Allen, took place at the residence of of the bride's parents, 3801 Lindell boulevard, at seven o'clock, very quietly, in the presence of a small number of relatives and very intimate friends, Rev. Dr. William Short officiating. The bride was attended by Miss Carrie Cook as maid of honor. Miss Vastine was simply though beautifully gowned in soft robes of white crepe, over white silk. The skirt was en traine and trimmed with flounces and lace. The bodice was slightly full and had a transparent yoke of lace, finished with a bertha of the same. The tulle veil fell to the end of the traine, and was simply held in place with an aigrette. Her bouquet was of bride roses. Miss Cook wore a dainty white Paris muslin made en demi traine over a slip of taffetas silk. The skirt was billowy with flounces and lace, giving a graceful, airy effect. The bodice was low and also trimmed with lace and she carried a bouquet of bridesmaid roses. Mr. Allen had for his best man Mr. H. L. Bradner. Mr. and Mrs. Allen left on a honeymoon tour in Florida and afterwards in New York. They will reside temporarily in Louisville, Ky.

The handsome reception given on Monday evening by Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Saylor, of 3700 Westminster place, was one of the most enjoyable of the season. About one hundred and fifty cards were sent out, and a large attendance of fashionables responded. A surprise which awaited the guests was to find that the occasion was the thirtieth wedding anniversary of their host and hostess, a fact which had not been stated on the cards, to avoid presents. Mr. and Mrs. Saylor received alone; Mrs. Saylor wearing a Paris gown of a delicate shade of heliotrope. This was made over a slip of taffeta silk, with a deeply flounced jupon, which gave a pretty set to the upper skirt of crepe, which was made with three fitted flounces, and slightly training. The bodice had a deep circular yoke of finely tucked white satin, trimmed around with numberless tiny rows of real Valenciennes lace, with silver paillettes. Around the guimp was a fitted bertha of the tucked white satin, trimmed similarly with the lace and silver paillettes. The sleeves were long and of the heliotrope silk, shirred from the shoulder to cuff. An aigrette of heliotrope Marabout plumes ornamented the snowy coiffure. Miss Charlotte Saylor, the young daughter of the hostess, not being yet through school, did not receive with her parents, but presided instead with a bevy of her young school-mates, over the refreshments. She wore a girlish toilette of white silk veiled in Paris muslin, and finished with a touch of pink panne. The young ladies serving with her were: Misses Sadie Teasdale and Charlotte Kathmann, who were assisted by Mr. Morgan Saylor and Messrs. Edwin Kammerer and Arthur Kastor. Some ladies who assisted the hostess, were Mrs. S. J. Edwards, of Kirkwood, and Mrs. Fritz Nisbet.

A pretty home wedding of Tuesday evening, was that of Miss Suzanne Butler, of 5706 Cabanne avenue and Mr. George Armistead Whiting, of Baltimore, M. D. Miss Butler has been abroad a great deal since the death of her parents, and returned to St. Louis about three years ago to reside with her sister, Mrs. Ewans in Cabanne. The ceremony was performed at nine o'clock by Rev. Dr. James R. Winchester, of the Church of the Ascension, in the presence of only a limited number of relatives and friends. The bride wore a lovely bridal gown of white taffetas silk veiled in accordeon plaited chiffon made in the Josephine style. The skirt had a graceful traine of accordeon plaited chiffon, and was ornamented with an applique of chiffon camellias, sewn with seed-pearls. Across the front was a drapery of point D'Alecon lace. The bodice was almost entirely covered with the camellias of chiffon and thickly sewn with the seed-pearl embroidery. The tulle veil which fell over the entire gown to the end of train was caught with three pure white camellias, which also formed the bridal bouquet. Miss

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Mamie Butler, who attended her sister as maid of honor, wore white chiffon, over white silk, with the slightly trailing skirt ornamented with numberless accordeon plaited flounces and lace and an applique of chiffon snow balls. She carried a big shower bouquet of double California violets. The groom had for his best man his brother, Mr. Gordon Whiting, of Baltimore. After the ceremony the bride and groom received the congratulations of their friends and departed for a honeymoon tour, after which they will go to housekeeping at Ruxton, a fashionable suburb of Baltimore. Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Whiting, of Baltimore, the parents of the groom, came on to attend the wedding, and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Gay Butler, of Virginia, also were present, Mr. Butler being a brother of the bride.

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## AT THE BUFFALO SHOW.

One of the most valuable and interesting exhibits at the Buffalo Pan-American Exposition, which opens May 1st, is that of the Missouri Pacific Railway system. It consists of a series of photographs showing the territory traversed by this important road, the scenery, the industries followed in various localities, the evidences of the progress made in cities of the West and Southwest. As photographs, this collection of one hundred views is notable in this respect, that while they are excellent specimens of the photographic art, their value is in the fact that no special pains has been taken to make fine photographs. The real object has been "to hold the mirror up to Nature"—to show the great and glorious West as it really is. It can be readily comprehended that such an exhibit of farm and orchard, of stock ranch and mine, of grand mountain and forest landscape, as well as of the handsome structures in cities—all of scenes on the Missouri-Pacific and Iron Mountain system will be of more than passing importance. It will command the attention of those seeking investments in the

rich territory thus splendidly illustrated, be an inducement to the home-seeker, and, no doubt, among the thousands of visitors from the East and abroad it will prove an attractive advertisement of that enterprising railway, "the old reliable" Missouri Pacific.

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## HER LADYSHIP'S SQUINT.

One morning, early in June, I was summoned to the West End branch of the Putney and Chelsea bank to inquire into the facts surrounding a check forgery, which was agitating the bank officials at that time. Arrived at the branch in question, I was promptly shown into the manager's room, and the latter, having waved me into a chair, plunged into the heart of the business without further ado.

"This check, Mr. Harvey," he exclaimed, handing me the document as he spoke, "was presented at the bank counter ten days ago by a youngish looking man, who received payment for the same in notes and then vanished. The check was in due course returned to the supposed drawer, Sir George Meredith, and yesterday morning we were amazed to receive from that gentleman a letter inclosing the check and stating that it was a deliberate forgery. Sir George is an old and valued customer, and, in justice to him as well as to ourselves, we desire to clear-up the business as soon as possible."

I thought for a moment and then asked to see the clerk who had cashed the check. He was summoned immediately, and I requested him to describe the person who had presented the forged document.

"Well, sir," said the man, reflectively, "so far as I remember he was very young, very slight and very nice looking. He had small, lady-like hands, if I may use the expression, and was nicely dressed."

"And that is all you can remember of him?" I asked, quickly. "There was no distinguishing point which would mark him out from other people?"

"Not a single one, sir, so far as I can remember."

"I have heard all that I want to know at this end, Mr. Fosdick," I said, addressing the manager, "and I am now off to Sir George Meredith's place, if you will be good enough to give me the address."

"Sir George is stopping at present at Meredith court, near Hertford," he replied; and, having made a note of the information, I bade the official adieu, and was at Meredith court within two hours of leaving the bank.

Yes, both Sir George and Lady Meredith were at home, the footman said, in answer to my inquiry, and he would take up my card. The pasteboard proved an "open sesame," for he returned in a very short space of time, and with the words, "Follow me, if you please, sir," led the way into an apartment, half smoking room half boudoir, where the baronet and his wife were seated.

The latter was reading a copy of the *King*, when I entered, and in response to my bow gave me the merest inclination of her head, but Sir George, with much geniality, bade me "Good morning," and expressed much pleasure at the sight of me.

I bowed, and told him that my best efforts were at his service. Meantime, I perceived that Lady Meredith was, from her point of vantage behind the periodical, scanning my features with sharp, hurried glances. Evidently she had never set eyes on a member of my profession before, and had resolved to make up for lost time now that the opportunity was at hand. She was an exceedingly beautiful woman, and it did not need the practiced eye of a reader of character, such as I flatter myself I am, to recognize

that the predominant characteristic of this lady was an overwhelming vanity.

"Now, Mr. Harvey," began Sir George, leaning back in his chair and speaking very slowly, "I fear that much of the blame in this unfortunate affair is due to me, by reason of my carelessness in leaving my check-book exposed in all places and at all seasons. I need hardly point out that the majority of the servants are well acquainted with my signature, and it is more than possible that the exposure of the checkbook led one of them to seize the opportunity for forging my name."

"From the rough idea I have formed of the case," I said slowly, "I do not believe that this forgery is the work of a servant."

I listened attentively to the further statement made by the baronet, which, I confess, did not help to elucidate matters in the smallest degree.

"They told me at the bank," I said, speaking in a measured tone, so that every word reached my hearers, "that the check was presented by a slight, boyish individual. Very slight, and very nicely dressed, so the clerk stated, if I remember rightly."

Lady Meredith's countenance grew brighter at this point—it seemed to me, indeed, that a smile played about her red lips.

"The clerk further pointed out," I continued, "that the youth in question was possessed of small, well-shaped hands—almost ladylike in their appearance."

"All that you have said, Mr. Harvey," he remarked, somewhat irritably, "is exceedingly interesting, no doubt, but for the life of me I cannot see that it will aid you in finding a reasonable clue."

"Indeed," I said, with a smile, "you think not?"

"I am sure of it."

"Wait a moment, I exclaimed, preparing for my big "coup"—a coup, indeed, on which I had founded all my hopes. "There was one peculiarity about the person who presented the check which lingered in the clerk's memory most distinctly. That peculiarity—or infirmity, I should say—was an atrocious and undeniable squint."

"A lie!" came a passionate voice in our ears; "a wicked and deliberate lie!"

Lady Meredith was on her feet now, facing me with blazing cheeks. She seemed wonderfully beautiful as she stood there, her hands clenched with rage, her bosom heaving with resentment.

Sir George, almost dumb with amazement, swayed up from his chair, and confronted her with a dazed expression.

"Helen!" he gasped. "What do you mean? What do you know?"

"Nothing—I know nothing," she moaned, helplessly, looking at me with a glance that spelled hate in every lineament. "I spoke at random—in jest."

"I cannot and will not believe it," thundered Sir George, almost beside himself with passion. "You must possess some intimate acquaintance with the perpetrator of this forgery, or you would not be able to deny so emphatically the statement made by Mr. Harvey. Come! Tell me everything and, whatever it is, I will forgive you so long as you speak the truth."

Utterly ignoring my presence, the wretched creature fell on her knees and sobbed out:

"Forgive me, George, forgive me, and you

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shall know all there is to know. It was I, and I alone, who forged and cashed that check ten days ago."

"You?" cried Sir George.

"Yes, I. I was up to the eyes in debt. I had appealed to you so often before to help me out of my difficulties that I did not care to ask you again. . . . You told me once that I must not run into debt any more. I promised I wouldn't, and I tried to keep my promise. But I was weak—weak and foolish. Little by little I ran up the bills—at one shop and another—until they swamped me—swamped me, do you hear? And then, one morning when you were gone down to the paddock, I found your checkbook on the dressing table, and before I knew what I was doing I had drawn up a check for £1,000 and put your name on it."

"Rise," said the baronet in a low, pained voice; "you must not kneel to me. Finish your story."

"The check ready for presentation, I did

not know whom to trust with it. The servants were out of the question; not one of them would have shielded me, and then, how could I have abased myself to ask them? There was nothing to be done but to assume male clothing, travel to London, and, disguised beyond recognition, cash the check. I did so."

I rose from my seat and went toward the door, but Sir George called me back.

"Mr. Harvey," he said, huskily, "I must apologize to you for allowing you to be the witness of this unhappy domestic scene, but it was unavoidable."

Lady Meredith, who had stood rigid in a corner, turned on me suddenly.

"One word," she cried, "before you go. Tell me," she said, coming close to me and regarding me with piercing eyes: "tell me why you invented that fiction as to what you pleased to call my infirmity."

"Since you desire to be informed," I returned, coolly, "I have no objection to en-

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lightening you. Directly I set eyes on you Lady Meredith, I formed a theory that the bank clerk's description of the slight youth would tally with yourself when disguised in male attire. In order to prove my theory, however, it was necessary to resort to a further device, and I, therefore, hit upon the idea of saying that you squinted, believing that your resentment of the statement would lead you to forget yourself and show whether I was right or wrong in my supposition. That I happened to be right the incidents that have just occurred would seem to demonstrate—and they demonstrate one other thing."

"What is that?" she asked, curiously.

"Merely," I replied, with what I fear was a touch of brutality, "that human vanity is sometimes stronger than human cunning. Sir George and Lady Meredith I have the honor to wish you both a very good morning."—*Tit Bits.*

**MR. JUDSON ON ZIEGENHEIN.**

To the Editor of the Mirror:

In the MIRROR of February 7th, in your article entitled "A Word for Ziegenhein," in referring to my article, published in a prior issue of the MIRROR, on the municipal financial crisis, you say that the article showed that the city's financial plight was due, not to Ziegenhein and Ziegenheimism, but to the archaic and obsolete spirit and letter of the organic law of the city and state. Ergo, you say, this is an argument for the re-election of the present administration on the ground that the city's plight is not due to the defects in administration, but to defects in the organic law!

Is not this a *non sequitur*? The demonstration of the city's financial needs is, in my opinion, an argument, not against, but in favor of the best possible municipal administration. The municipal ship of state may need to go to the dry dock for repairs before it encounters stormy seas, but it nonetheless needs the best possible seamanship in control. The necessity of repairs or supplies for the ship is hardly an argument for indifference as to the ability or character of the captain or pilot.

As I said in the article to which you refer, the causes of our municipal difficulties are too deep-seated to be wholly remedied by any change in the administration; but I also said that our "difficulties have doubtless been aggravated by the multiplication of

needless offices and the reckless and improvident granting of public franchises." We need Constitutional and Charter changes, but these will be without avail, unless we have the best possible business administration. The gravity of the municipal financial crisis only emphasises this demand.

F. N. Judson

St. Louis, February 11, 1901.

**COMING ATTRACTIONS.**

A double bill at Music Hall next week will be specially welcome news to the army of patrons of the Castle Square Opera Company, because Friday, being a national holiday, with an extra matinee, will give many an extra opportunity of enjoying it. "H. M. S. Pinafore" is the first feature Manager Southwell promises for this revival of the most popular of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas all the paraphernalia of the Metropolitan English Grand Opera Company. The cast will be as follows: *Sir Joseph Porter*, Mr. Temple; *Capt. Corcoran*, Mr. Paull; *Rackstraw*, Mr. Delamotta; *Deadeye*, Mr. Clarke; *Bo'sun*, Winfred Goff; *Mate*, Mr. Brown; *Josephine*, Miss Berri; *Buttercup*, Miss Graham; *Hebe*, Miss King; *Midshipmite*, Miss Mattie Southwell. The second part will be Mascagni's famous opera, "Cavalleria Rusticana," with the following excellent disposition of characters: *Santuzza*, Signora Bianca Barducci and Miss Adelaide Norwood; *Lola*, Miss Josephine Ludwig; *Turiddu*, Mr. Joseph F. Sheehan and Mr. Harry Davies; *Alfio*, F. Clark and Winfred Goff; *Lucia*, Miss Nora McGann.

On Monday evening, February 18, Miss Olga Nethersole and her own company will appear at the Olympic Theatre, for one week, in Clyde Fitch's dramatization of Alphonse Daudet's novel, "Sapho." Miss Nethersole comes here after a phenomenal engagement of six months, at Wallack's Theatre, New York. The play has been advertised in so sensational a manner that it is sure to prove a great attraction on this, its second season, in St. Louis.

Mr. Stuart Robson is billed to appear at the Century Theatre next Monday evening, 18th inst., in Augustus Thomas's masterpiece, "Oliver Goldsmith." His company, of some thirty people, includes John E. Henshaw, Stephen Grattan, H. A. Weaver, Sr., Beaumont Smith, Maude White, Ellen Mortimer, Jeffreys Lewis, May Ten Broeck, Bessie Harris, etc. On Wednesday, matinee, and Saturday evening Mr. Robson, in response to many requests, will revive Oliver Goldsmith's immortal comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer."

"The Jolly Grass Widows" are playing to delighted audiences at the new Standard. They will have the last word in that theatre—thus following the rule of their sex—for next Sunday the renovated Standard—which has risen Phoenix-like from its ashes, and is now a bird of rich plumage—will be reopened. The first attraction in the original "Home of Folly" will be Rice and Barton's "Big Gaiety Extravaganza."



This combination has been here before, and is very popular. It comes with more and newer features for this gala occasion.

**MR. LINDSEY'S PUPILS.**

The entertainment at the Odeon on Saturday evening, February 9th, was a most auspicious inauguration of Mr. Guy Lindsey's performance at that beautiful theater. A large audience was in attendance and most of the thirty boxes were occupied. The selection of plays was a very happy one, the first offering being "Noemie" a two-act drama of strong pathetic and comic interest, and the second a three-act farcical comedy, "The Arabian Nights," teeming with intensely comic situations and brilliantly witty dialogue. The pupils all played with a keen appreciation of the opportunities afforded them, and showed surprising ease in adapting themselves to the complicated stage-business. The floral offerings were beautiful and very numerous. In "Noemie," Miss Thais Magrane gave an effective and thoroughly intelligent portrayal of "Valentine De Courcy," while Miss Estelle Phillips caught the audience with her sparkling rendition of "Annette." Miss Eleanor Dobson was sweetly sympathetic in the title role, and Mr. Albert Lee Cunningham was very good in the light comedy part "Henri D'Avigny." In "Arabian Nights," Miss Florence Barrett was admirable as "Mrs. Hummingtop," Miss Catherine Niehaus sprightly and delightfully amusing as "Rose Colombier," Miss Marie Debau excellent in the eccentric part "Mrs. Gillibrand," Miss Grace Benham, charming as the ingenue "Daisy Maitland," and Miss Emily Woods, brightly pert as the maid "Barbara." Right nobly did Mr. Frank J. Lipp carry the exacting role of the much persecuted "Arthur Hummingtop," and Mr. Frank L. Amlar was a satisfactory "Ralph Ormerod." Mr. J. A. Baker convulsed the audience as the bibulous and susceptible "Joshua Gillibrand." The costuming of the ladies was very handsome, particularly noticeable being the gowns worn by the Misses Estelle Phillips, Florence Barrett and Thais Magrane.

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A MARTYR TO PRINCIPLE: "Ah, poor thing! Her end was sad in the extreme." "Indeed!" "You know she always revolted at the idea that there could be anything in common between her and the lower classes." "So I have always heard." "Well, she caught cold from her cook, and was so ashamed that she refused all medical aid, and died!"—*Life.*



## MUSIC.

## THE CHORAL SYMPHONY.

Mr. Ernst, the chorus, and the orchestra were good enough, at the Choral Symphony concert, last week, to warrant unequivocal praise. "The Creation" was given a thoroughly creditable and satisfactory performance. Some people may be inclined to quarrel with the Director's tempi, particularly in "The Heavens are telling," which was taken faster than we are accustomed to hearing it, but the majority of the auditors approved and did not hesitate to show their approval.

The soloists were competent. Mrs. Hissem De Moss, the soprano, was new to St. Louis. Her voice itself is better than her use of it. She has a pure crystalline soprano; powerful, fairly flexible and of good compass. Her *mezza voce* is beautiful, but when she sang *forte* she fairly perforated our tympani with her high tones, so sharp and cutting were they. In interpretation she is youthful.

The best, most mature, musicianly work was done by Mr. Rieger, in the "Native Worth" aria, and the recitative immediately preceding. In other numbers the tenor seemed indifferent and averse to exertion; consequently he failed to make much impression.

Mr. Bushnell's fine voice seemed worn and frayed at the edges. He sang remarkably well at times, and again his work bordered on burlesque. He was evidently striving to give a fine sound-painting of the text, by employing various qualities of tone, and this may account for his wobbling for the pitch when he sang about the "sinuous trace" of the creeping worm.

There was a good audience present, but many subscribers, not anticipating a concert of such general excellence, stayed away.

And this brings me to the vexed question of the financial status of the Society. The desired ten thousand dollar guarantee is in sight—in fact is practically secured. But how this is going to settle the question of giving St. Louis good orchestral music is not clear. At least double that sum per year is necessary to make the needed additions to the orchestra, such as French horns and other brasses, more wood-wind instruments and second violins. There is a lot of prating about civic pride. It sounds well and looks "lovely" in print, you know, but when the civic pride of the public has been appealed to in vain for twenty years, it is about time to assume that there is none in St. Louis, at least, as far as music is concerned.

Of course it would be fine to have our Symphony Orchestra and Thomas too, especially if about thirty thousand dollars yearly were expended on the local concern. Mr. Ernst, though not popular, is competent, and if he had the material could give first class orchestral work, but, apparently, it is impossible to put him in the way of getting the right material: therefore so-called "civic pride" is to keep us from hearing good orchestral music altogether.

The money now being spent for poor music would give St. Louis the best, but "civic pride" forbids that we should have it.

## THE CASTLE SQUARE.

"Boccaccio" is the best show in town. Of its kind we have never seen a better. Von Suppe's gay opera comique has been played here before—not wisely, but too

often—always with an accompaniment of clanking steins and a setting of artificial palms and tan bark. This is the first time we hear "Boccaccio" as he is written. Mutilated versions of the score, adapted to the exigencies of a stunted cast, a feeble chorus and a tuneless orchestra, have been favorites with summer opera companies, but they have never permitted us to become acquainted with the life, melody and harmony of the music. It is bright, pretty and taking throughout, with some stirring ensembles and two great finales.

The cast is judiciously chosen for this production. Maude Lillian Berri sang the dashing music given to *Boccaccio* with full appreciation of its character and revealed a pretty talent for comedy work of a kind that approaches character study. She looked stunning in the male costumes, and gracefully adapted her brilliant voice to the lower part in her duets with Adelaide Norwood, who played and sang sweetly as *Fiametta*.

Joseph Sheehan looked handsome, and sang with vigor the little music allotted to the *Prince*. William Paul was all that *Leonetto* could be, and Wm. H. Clarke sang conscientiously the few bars given to the *Unknown*. Frances Graham made a vivacious, mellow voiced *Isabella*.

Josephine Ludwig, whose appearance is provocative of all the adjectives expressing grace and beauty, was the *Beatrice*.

The part of the barber's daughter is usually assigned to a chorus girl, as the cast of "Boccaccio" calls for three sopranos, but the Castle Square Company is full of sopranos, and to put three prima donnas in the same cast does not require great effort. Miss Ludwig deserves all manner of praise for the modest dignity with which she demeans herself in the trying position of a prima donna playing a minor part. Every gesture, every movement is in good taste; there is no evidence of a desire to make herself unduly conspicuous. She does what is required of her, and, does it amazingly well. Her voice is of a wonderful quality, soft, round and rich, and, in the harmonious ensemble, "He is a Prince," rang clear and strong above the other principals, chorus and orchestra. Miss Ludwig is the most promising of the new prima donnas now before the public. She seems to have all the requirements, presence, voice and temperament.

In addition to the many prima donne, this cast also demands three comedians. And mighty bad parts they have. Pruette, Temple and Ranney were the unfortunates condemned to voice the alleged humor of the lines, and infuse the desired comedy element into the situations.

Pruette has the rollicking cooper's song to help him out, but Temple and Ranney have to depend on costume and make-up to entertain. All three certainly worked hard and managed to squeeze some fun out of very barren material.

The opera was put on in splendid style. Temple's great stage management was conspicuous in the picturesque groupings of choristers and principals, the animation and spirit of the ever changing pictures, and in the thousand and one points of detail.

Ritter contributed three handsome, colorful scenes. The costumes are new, rich and harmoniously blended.

"Pinafore," as given at the Metropolitan and "Cavalleria Rusticana" are being rehearsed all day, every day, Mr. Temple revels in Gilbert and Sullivan, and promises a production that will throw the splendid performance of last season into the shade.

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### GOOD WORD FOR BONI.

In spite of all the abuse hurled at the dapper Boni de Castellane and the contempt in which he is held for having wasted the money for which he is supposed to have married his wife, he is not such a bad little man after all. The count, for one thing, has not an ungenerous bone in his body, and in nearly every case it was he who suggested the large gifts which his wife has made to charitable objects. The new Charity Bazaar building was his inspiration, although it bears the inscription "Fondation Miller-Gould," accrediting it to his wife's family. His contribution to the fund for the chapel erected on the site of the old structure which was burned was one of the largest made, but he did not advertise the fact, as he has been accused of doing; nor have half of the channels of his smaller charitable gifts ever become known to the public. There are poor French and American artists in the Montmartre garrets who bless the name of Boni de Castellane, and who could not be made to believe that he is selfish or false in any way.

Boni is not half so bad a husband as the gossips make him out. He has a way of getting into his carriage first, leaving his wife to clamber in as best she may, it is true, and he has been known to "smile" at her French on public occasions. But the "inevitable scandal" to which all Paris looked forward when the young couple were married did not come, and bids fair not to do so. Count Boni goes nearly everywhere with his wife, even to the Longchamps race courses, where usage permits even the most model and domestic Frenchman to appear without his household partner. Moreover, nine-tenths of the romantic stories told of his attachments for females of histrionic persuasion are false.



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The trouble with Boni de Castellane is his extreme youth. He will never grow old. He has neither judgment, discretion nor even a very sturdy brand of common sense. He is a weak, little, doll-like creature, with a dainty, pink complexion, nosegay in his buttonhole, painfully yellow hair, diminutive stature and lavender kid gloves, at all hours in the twenty-four, for the soft texture of his hands hints that he must even sleep in them. To see him driving down the Champs Elysees is not an inspiring sight, and no one could suspect him of having much manliness in his character.

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The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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EL DORADO.

A cripple on the wayside grass,  
I watch the people come and go;  
To many a fair abode they pass,  
Ladies and knights, a goodly show.  
But though my lips prefer no sound,  
No less from all men I inquire:  
"Oh, say, I pray you, have you found  
The country of your heart's desire?"

Some pass with pity for my lot,  
Some pass, nor heed, and others fling  
A glance of scorn that wounds me not,  
Who in my heart am murmuring;  
Ah, could you buy, or could I sell,  
How gold and gem, and hall and squire,  
You'd gladly give, like me to dwell  
In the country of the heart's desire!"

You travelers in lands afar,  
With that world-hunger in your eyes,  
On every sea your galleys are,  
Your glances dare the darkest skies;  
Yet for some land unseen, unguessed,  
Your eager spirits faint and tire;  
I know the country of your quest—  
The country of the heart's desire.

A sudden terror veils you round,  
You lovers, even as you greet:  
So close, so dear, your lives are bound,  
Your spirits have no room to meet.  
Have peace! There is a deeper faith,  
And there is a diviner fire,  
A love more strong than time or death,  
In the country of the heart's desire.

And friends pass by with loyal mien,  
They are together—lonely yet!  
A subtle barrier between,  
A longing, and a dim regret.  
But they are wholly satisfied,  
And they have done with doubt and ire,  
With grief and parting, who abide  
In the country of the heart's desire.

My country is a dream, you say?  
Nay, yours are dreams, and they shall cease,  
And yours are visions, day by day  
Wherein you strive to find your peace!  
But fair, and fadeless, and supreme,  
The home to which all souls aspire,  
The only land that is no dream—  
The country of the heart's desire.

—May Kendall, in Longman's Magazine.

A BACHELOR'S DEBUT.

James Henry Smith, of New York, America's richest bachelor, who inherited \$50,000,000 from his uncle, George Smith, about a year ago, will introduce himself to society on the evening of St. Valentine's day at Sherry's. He has planned a \$15,000 dinner, to which 150 of New York's most select society personages have been invited. Orders have been given to spare no expense.

Since Smith came into his great fortune he has been the most sought-after man, socially, New York has welcomed, in many years. Of reserved, almost austere disposition, on account of which he has long been known as "Silent" Smith, he never showed a desire to mix in society before, although he has long been well off and a member of the Union, Racquet and Down Town clubs.

His coming dinner, which is to be looked after by Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., is to be on the most lavish scale. Instead of flowers, the rarest tapestries in America will be used for adornment.

At 11 p. m. the dinner will be over and Mr. Smith will lead the way to the hall below stairs, where the cotillion will be danced. The favors for the dance will cost \$8,000 alone, consisting of silver hearts and golden arrows and cupids and corsage bouquets of violets.

For the dinner there are to be separate favors—jeweled scarf-pins for the men and jeweled silken bags for the women. There will be two distinct collations—dinner first and supper afterward. Smith has given his

personal attention to the wines. Among those who have received cards are Mr. and Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Mills, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Sloane, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Oelrichs, Colonel and Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., Mrs. Astor, Mrs. Ogden Goelet, Mrs. Arthur Paget, Mrs. W. P. Thompson, Miss May Goelet, Robert L. Gerry, Craig W. Wadsworth, Worthington Whitehouse, Harry Lehr and W. K. Vanderbilt, Sr.

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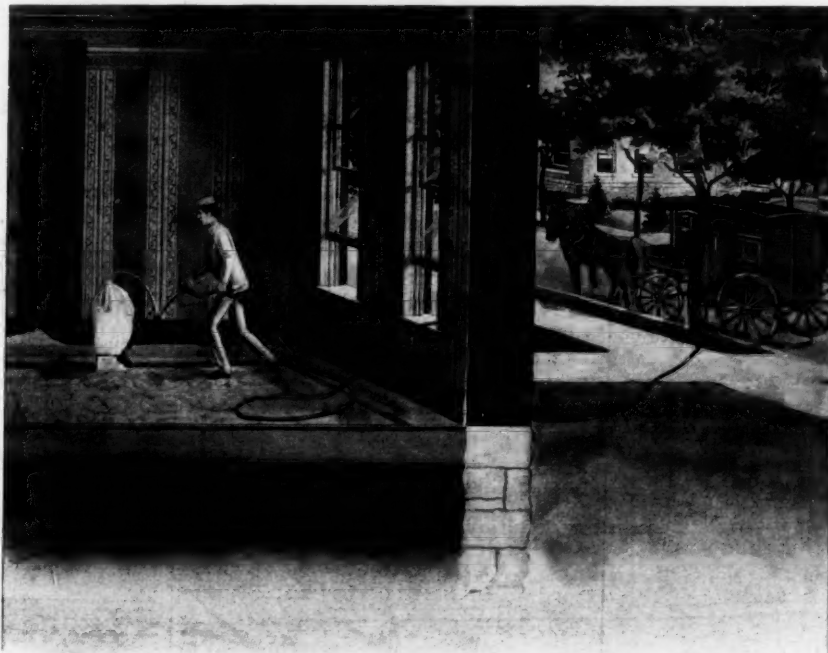
TO THE LADIES OF ST. LOUIS.

THE GEN'L COMPRESSED AIR HOUSE CLEANING COMPANY,

(Incorporated—OPERATING THURMAN PATENTS.)

Are now prepared to make contracts for the cleaning of the Carpets WITHOUT REMOVAL FROM THE FLOOR, gathering the dust from the carpet and that which naturally accumulates underneath the carpet.

The  
Dustless  
Method.  
Indorsed  
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Thoroughly  
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One Day.



We take contracts  
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Disinfect  
the Carpets,  
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All Other  
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REFERENCES:

St. Nicholas, St. Louis,  
The Southern, St. Louis,  
The Lindell, St. Louis,  
Illustrated Catalogue furnished upon request.

B. Nugent & Co., St. Louis,  
Geo. F. Durant, St. Louis,  
Waldorf-Astoria, New York,

Fifth Avenue, New York,  
Herald Square, New York,  
Best & Co., New York,

Wanamaker's, New York,  
R. H. Macy & Co., New York,  
Auditorium, Chicago,

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Gen'l Office, LINCOLN TRUST BUILDING.

LOW ROUND TRIP RATES TO TEXAS VIA THE IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE.

On February 19th, the Iron Mountain Route will sell tickets to following points at \$15.00 for the round trip: Dallas, Waco, Fort Worth, Houston, Galveston, San Antonio, Beaumont and Port Arthur, Texas, and to Lake Charles, Louisiana. Write City Ticket Office, N. W. Corner Broadway and Olive street, St. Louis.

AT THE FRONT: Lady—"Well, what do you want?" Tramp—"Leddy, believe me, I'm no ordinary beggar. I was at the

front—"Lady (with interest)—"Really—" Tramp—"Yes, ma'am; but I couldn't make anybody hear, so I came round to the back." —Punch.

FROM OUR OWN OMAR.

The barber sweeps the whiskers up that grow upon your visage—lo, some maiden who Ne'er heard your name may stuff a cushion and To-morrow sit on what was part of you.

Chicago Times-Herald.

Have your old-fashioned marquise rings changed into the new and becoming princess rings, at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Locust and Seventh.



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## Custom-Made Shirts.

Exclusive patterns—  
Best workmanship—  
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A guaranteed saving to you of  
from 75c to \$1.25  
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Imported Madras Shirts—  
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### KILLS BUGS AND ROACHES.

Its usefulness for many other  
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A good ad writer makes money for  
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### REDUCED RATES TO PACIFIC COAST

On February 12th, and each Tuesday  
thereafter during February, March and  
April, the Union Pacific Railroad will make  
special low rates to points in Oregon, Wash-  
ington and California, including Portland,  
Seattle, San Francisco, Los Angeles, etc.,  
For further particulars address, F. L.  
Hastedt, Chief Clerk, 903 Olive street, St.  
Louis, Mo.

### THE STOCK MARKET.

The reports of an impending consolidation in the iron and steel industry have somewhat chilled bullish sentiment, and created a very uncertain tendency in prices. There is an impression that the perfection of the plans of the steel magnates will result in higher money rates and a serious depletion of New York bank reserves. Prominent financial authorities are scoffing at the predictions of money-market disturbances, but the conservative element is inclined to adopt a very cautious attitude. It is remembered that the bull movement in 1899 culminated, when plans were laid, in a billiard-parlor in Chicago, for the formation of a "billion dollar steel-trust." The loans of the New York Associated Banks have increased almost \$90,000,000 since January 1st, 1901, and are now approaching the \$1,000,000,000 mark; they stand at the highest notch ever reached. Developments in the steel stocks are being closely watched, and will have a very decisive effect on the entire stock market. While insiders are talking of much higher prices for Federal Steel, American Steel & Wire, National Steel and other shares of this kind, the public remains rather skeptical. The past record of steel stocks is not very inspiring or encouraging. Wall street wags say the Steel Trust will simmer down into a Steel Trust.

Railroad stocks have not fluctuated very much in the past week. While they have maintained their level fairly well, there were signs of liquidation in the high-priced issues, especially in St. Paul, Rock Island and Burlington. Rock Island has been particularly top-heavy, in spite of the skilful rigging by the bull cliques, and a rumor of a "deal" between the Atchison and Rock Island Companies. St. Paul common appears to be utterly neglected. Since J. J. Hill went on an extended yacht-cruise, the gossip regarding the Great Northern-Northern Pacific-St. Paul consolidation has subsided, and skepticism is growing rapidly among those who bought St. Paul common at top prices. Prophecies are now heard that the dividend on the stock will be increased at the meeting of the directors to be held in March, but the officials do not encourage them. Well-informed traders believe that there will be no increase in the dividend until next September, or after the wheat-crop has become assured. St. Paul common has, unquestionably, great intrinsic value, and may be regarded as a sure 5 per cent dividend-payer. To buy it at 152, however, under existing circumstances, can hardly be called an advantageous proposition.

Wall Street is now regaling the speculative community with stories of a consolidation scheme, which will embrace all the railroad companies in the Southwest. The stories are varied enough to suit all shades of taste, and they were responsible for the advance in St. Louis Southwestern, Texas & Pacific, Atchison common, M., K. & T. common and preferred and Chicago & Eastern Illinois common. According to current talk, the St. Louis Southwestern has absorbed the Chicago & Eastern Illinois, and the Missouri Pacific has absorbed the St. Louis Southwestern. St. Louis Southwestern preferred and common and Chicago & Eastern Illinois common may be bought with confidence on their intrinsic value for an investment, without any "deal" stories. C. & E. I., for instance, is worth as much as Rock Island, as it pays the same dividend and enjoys the same earning capacity. So far as St. Louis Southwestern preferred is

## MISSISSIPPI VALLEY TRUST COMPANY

Capital and Surplus, \$6,500,000.

**4% PAID ON SAVINGS DEPOSITS.**

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Beginning February 1, we will issue a weekly local stock letter, giving a resume of the market and full list of quotations.  
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concerned, it may be bought safely for 75, while the common should be selling at 45 by July 1st, 1901.

Louisville & Nashville is being absorbed by first-class people. The stock looks cheap at 92. The company is earning at the rate of almost 8 per cent. on it, in spite of heavy expenditures. There is only \$52,000,000 stock outstanding, on which 5 per cent. is now being paid. Nobody will make a mistake in buying the shares for at least 115. There may be a little reaction from current quotations, and if so, the opportunity should not be lost by would-be purchasers.

Southern Ry. preferred is another stock that will go up and return handsome profits to present buyers. The directors of the company will meet on the 8th of March and increase the dividend-rate to at least 4 per cent. per annum. By that time the stock should be quoted at 82, and the common at 30. For the current fiscal year, the surplus

of the Southern Ry. Co., will be sufficient to pay the full 5 per cent. on the preferred stock, and something on the common. Extraordinary expenditures are still large, but the hope is held out that they will soon cease, and that the common will then show about 3 per cent. earned. The 5 per cent. bonds of the company have risen very sharply in the last few weeks and are quoted at 116½ at the present time.

The bull cliques in New York traction stocks are still at work and booming their favorites. Manhattan is well supported, whenever it drops a point or two. Close observers would not be surprised to see the stock sell at 130 in the not remote future. Brooklyn Rapid Transit is acting in a suspicious manner, but the buying is considered better than the selling. Intrinsically, the stock is absurdly high at anything above 50, as it is earning less than 2 per cent per annum. Enthusiastic bulls are willing to wager, however, that the stock will sell



# St. Louis Trust Co.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$3,000,000.00

Interest Allowed on Deposits from **2 to 4%**

THOS. H. WEST, President.  
HENRY C. HAARSTICK, Vice-Pres't.  
JOHN A. SCUDDER, 2d Vice-Pres't.  
JOHN D. FULLEY, Secretary.  
ALLEN T. WEST, Ass't Secretary.  
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OFFICE: N. W. CORNER FOURTH AND LOCUST STS.

## RAILROAD STOCKS AND BONDS,

ALSO.....

FUTURES IN COTTON,  
GRAIN AND PROVISIONS.

GAYLORD, BLESSING &amp; CO., 307 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

## Local Stocks and Bonds.

Corrected for THE MIRROR by Gaylord, Blessing &amp; Co., stock and bond brokers, 307 Olive street.

## CITY OF ST. LOUIS BONDS.

	Coup.	When Due.	Quoted
Gas Co. 4	J. D.	June 1, 1905	102 -104
Park 6	A. O.	April 1, 1905	111 -113
Property (Cur.) 6	A. O.	Apr 10, 1906	111 -113
Renewal (Gld) 3.65	J. D.	Jun 25, 1907	103 -104
" 4	A. O.	Apr 10, 1908	105 -107
" 3 1/2	J. D.	Dec., 1909	102 -103
" 3 1/2	F. A.	July 1, 1910	112 -113
" 3 1/2	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1910	104 -106
" 3 1/2	M. N.	June 2, 1920	104 -106
" Surr'g. 100 4	M. N.	Nov. 2, 1911	107 -109
" (Gld) 4	M. N.	Nov. 1, 1912	108 -109
" 4	A. O.	Oct. 1, 1913	108 -110
" 4	J. D.	June 1, 1914	109 -110
" 3.65	M. N.	May 1, 1915	104 -108
" 3 1/2	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1918	104 -105

Interest to seller.

Total debt about \$18,856,277  
Assessment \$352,521,650

## ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Funding 4	F. A.	Feb. 1, 1901	100 -101
" 6	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1903	104 -106
School 5	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1908	100 -102
" 4	A. O.	Apr 1, 1914	102 -103
" 4 5-20	M. S.	Mar. 1, 1918	102 -103
" 4 10-20	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	102 -103
" 4 15-20	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	102 -103
" 4	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	102 -103

## MISCELLANEOUS BONDS.

	When Due.	Price.
Alton Bridge 5s	1913	70 -80
Carondelet Gas 6s	1902	100 -102
Century Building 1st 6s	1916	97 -100
Century Building 2d 6s	1917	-- 60
Commercial Building 1st	1907	101 -103
Consolidated Coal 6s	1911	90 -95
Hydraulic Press Brick 5s 5-10	1904	99 -101
Kinlock Tel Co. 6s 1st mrtg.	1928	95 -99
Laclede Gas 1st 5s	1919	107 -108
Merchants Bridge 1st mrtg 6s	1929	115 -115 1/2
Merch Bridge and Terminal 5s	1930	113 -115
Mo. Electric Lt. 2d 6s	1921	117 -119
Missouri Edison 1st mrtg 5s	1927	96 1/2 -97
St. Louis Agri. & M. A. 1st 5s	1906	100 -
St. Louis Brewing Ass'n 6s	1914	101 -102
St. Louis Cotton Com. 6s	1910	80 -85
St. Louis Exposition 1st 6s	1912	90 -95
Union Stock Yards 1st 6s	1899	Called
Union Dairy 1st 5s	1901	100 -102
Union Trust Building 1st 6s	1913	98 -101
Union Trust Building 2d 6s	1908	75 -85

## BANK STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Exch.	\$50	Dec. '00, 8 SA	218 -220
Boatmen's	100	Dec. '00, 8 1/2 SA	195 -198
Bremen Sav.	100	Jan. 1900 6 SA	140 -150
Continental	100	Dec. '00, 8 1/2 SA	180 -181
Fourth National	100	Nov. '00, 5 p.c. SA	217 -224
Franklin	100	Dec. '00, 4 SA	165 -175
German Savings	100	Jan. 1900, 6 SA	275 -285
German-Amer.	100	Jan. 1900, 20 SA	750 -800
International	100	Dec. 1900 1 1/2 qy	130 -132
Jefferson	100	Jan. 00, 3 p.c. SA	100 -110
Lafayette	100	Jan. 1900, 8 SA	400 -600
Mechanics	100	Jan. 1901, 2 qy	214 -216
Merch.-Laclede	100	Dec. 1903, 1 1/2 qy	175 -180
Northwestern	100	Jan. 1900, 4 SA	130 -150
Nat. Bank Com.	100	Jan. 1900, 2 1/2 qy	269 -271
South Side	100	Nov. 1900, 8 SA	119 -122
Safe Dep. Sav. Bk	100	Oct. 1900, 8 SA	135 -137
Southern com.	100	Jan. 1900, 8 SA	90 -100
State National	100	Jan. 1900 1 1/2 qy	162 -165
Third National	100	Jan. 1900, 1 1/2 qy	170 -171

\*Quoted 100 for par.

## TRUST STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Lincoln	100	Dec. '00, S.A. 3	177 -178
Miss. Va.	100	Oct. '00, 2 1/2 qy	340 -341
St. Louis	100	Oct. '00, 1 1/4 qy	279 -285
Union	100	Nov. '00, 1 1/2 SA	276 -285
Mercantile	100	Oct. '00 Mo 75c.	287 -290

## STREET RAILWAY STOCKS AND BONDS

	Coupons.	Price.
Cass Av. & F. G.	J. & J.	1912 102 -103
10-20s 5s	J. & J.	1907 110 -111
Citizens' 20s 6s	Dec. '88	1905 105 -107
Jefferson Ave.	M. & N. 2	1911 107 -108
10s 5s	F. & A.	1913 117 -118 1/2
Lindell 20s 5s	J. & J.	1913 117 -118 1/2
Comp. Heights U.D. 6s	M. & N.	1896 105 -106
do Taylor Ave. 6s	J. & D.	1912 98 -103
Mo 1st Mtg 5s 5-10s	M. & N.	1902 98 -103
People's	Monthly 2p	1925 103 -107
do 1st Mtg. 6s 20s	J. & J.	1910 100 -101
do 2d Mtg. 7s	M. & N.	1913 100 -102
St. L. & B. St. L.	J. & J.	96 -97
do 1st 6s	F. & A.	1921 105 -105 1/2
St. Louis 1st 5s 5-20s	M. & N.	1914 117 -120
do Baden-St. L. 5s	M. & N.	1916 116 1/2 -116 3/4
St. L. & Sub.	1914 93 1/2 -95	
do Con. 5s	M. & N.	1904 104 -106
do Cable & Wt. 6s	F. & A.	1909 106 -108
do Merimac Rv. 6s	F. & A.	1916 107 -108
do Incomes 5s	J. & D.	1910 100 -102
Southern 1st 6s	J. & D.	1912 122 -128
do 2d 25s 6s	J. & J.	1910 101 -103
do Gen. Mtg. 5s	Jan. '00 1 1/2	78 -78 1/2
U. D. 1st 10-20s 6s	4 p.c. 50s	91 -91 1/2
do 2d 25s 6s	J & J	25 -26
Mound City 10-20s 6s		
United Ry's Pfd.		
St. Louis Transit		

## INSURANCE STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Cent.	25	Jan. 1900 4 SA	50 -51

## MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Am. Lin Oil Com.	100	Sept. 1900 1 1/2	62 -84
" " Pfd.	100	Jan. 1900 1/2	22 -23
Am. Car-Fdry Co	100	Jan. 1900 1 1/2 qy	72 -73
" " Pfd	100	July 1900 2 qy	140 -145
Bell Telephone	100	May '96, 2	3 -4
Bonne Terre F.C.	100	Mar. 1900, MO	125 -132
Central Lead Co.	100	July '97, 1	9 -11
Consol. Coal	100	Mar. 1900, 1/2 MO	125 -135
Doe Run Min. Co	100	May '96, 2	267 -277
Granite Bl-Metal	100	May 1900, 1 qy	85 -90
Hydraulic P.B. Co	100	Feb. '99, 1	10 -54
K. & T. Coal Co.	100	Feb. 1900 A. 10	103 -107
Kennard Com.	100	Aug. 1900 SA 3 1/2	100 -104
Laclede Gas, com.	100	Sept. 1900 2 SA	75 -77
Laclede Gas, pfd.	100	June '99 SA	98 -100
Mo. Edison Pfd.	100	1900	58 -58 1/2
Mo. Edison com.	100	1900	19 1/2 -20
Nat. Stock Yards	100	July '00 1 1/2 qy	100 -105
Schultz Belting	100	July '00, qy 1 1/2	180 -90
Simmons Hdw Co	100	Feb., 1900, 8 A	175 -180
Simmons do pfd.	100	Sept. 1900 3 1/2 SA	145 -151
Simmons do 2 pfd.	100	Sept. 1900	145 -151
St. Joseph L. Co.	100	Oct. 1900 1 1/2 qy	14 -15
St. L. Brew Pfd.	100	Jan., '00, 4 p. c.	67 -68 1/2
St. L. Brew. Com.	100	Jan., '99 3 p. c.	63 -64
St. L. Cot. Comp	100	Sept., '94, 4	30 -34
St. L. Exposit'n	100	Dec., '96, 2	2 -3
St. L. Transfer Co	100	July 1900, 1 qy	64 -69
Union Dairy	100	Aug., '00, 1 1/2 SA	110 -115
Wiggins Fer. Co.	100	July '00, qy	220 -230
Westhaus Brake	50	Sept 1900, 7 1/2	182 -184

100 again and advise purchases at every fair set-back.

Wabash issues enjoyed quite a boom. The preferred stock advanced to 34 1/2, the common to 19 1/2, and the "B" debenture bonds to 56 1/2. There has been a reaction since, especially in the bonds, but there is still good buying in these issues, and intimations of higher prices may be heard on all sides. The buying is, of course, not based on earning capacity or dividend prospects. It is rumored that the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western is trying to obtain control of the Wabash system, although the interested officials deny the rumors in toto. There may be some justification in buying the bonds, even at 57 or 58, but the preferred and common shares are nothing but a gamble, and people who buy them should not complain if they are compelled to pocket a loss on their purchases.

The bond market is still very active, but transactions are not as heavy as they were some days ago. The buying is now confined to more speculative issues, such as Mexican Central, Wabash "B" debenture 6s, Central of Georgia income 5s, Detroit, M. & M. 3 1/2s, Standard R. & Twine incomes, and other issues of this class. The high-class bonds are firm, but rather inactive. B. & O. 4 1/2s, New York Central 3 1/2s, Mobile & Ohio 4s, Detroit Gas 5s, and Atchison general and adjustment 4s should be selling at higher prices.

Railway earnings are very satisfactory. The best returns are made by the southwestern lines, the earnings of the Cotton Belt, M., K. & T. and Texas & Pacific breaking all previous records. It is intimated that there will be a further advance in coal rates by March 1st, and on this Norfolk & Western common, C. & O., B. & O. common and Erie issues are recommended as purchases. The directors of the B. & O. have declared the regular semi-annual dividend of 2 per cent on the preferred and common shares.

There is good buying in Reading second preferred and common, also in Ontario & Western. Reading second preferred is a more attractive purchase than the first preferred, in spite of the fact that the semi-annual dividend on the latter has been increased from 1 1/2 to 2 per cent. The improvement expenses of the Reading system, which are chargeable to capital account, and paid out of current earnings, are very large. With a cessation of them, the company would earn the full 4 per cent on first and second preferred, and 3 per cent on the common stock.

## LOCAL SECURITIES.

The boom in local stocks continues, especially in street railway and Missouri-Edison issues. The latter have been bought in rather large amounts of late, the common rising to 19 1/2, and the preferred to 58 1/2. The 5 per cent bonds are quoted at 96 1/4, the highest price touched for a long time past. Higher prices are still predicted for them, owing to the assurance of the World's Fair for St. Louis.

St. Louis Transit has advanced to 25 1/4, and is firm at this figure. United Railways preferred is bought at 79 and 79 1/2, while the general 4 per cent bonds are being absorbed by investors at 90 3/4. Friends of these securities are confident of a further advance, and recommending purchases.

Bank and Trust Company shares show little change, but are very strongly held, and investors are willing to absorb them on every little decline.

Money is in plentiful supply. Domestic exchange is lower, and so is sterling exchange. Banks report a large business.

Fine stationery—Mermod & Jaccard's.

## THE HEALTH OF ACTORS.

There is one phase of the work of the Actors' Society of America about which too much cannot be said in commendation. That is its alert guard over the welfare of its members and the profession in the matter of dressing-rooms in theatres.

Many years ago—long before the advent of the Actors' Society—the *Dramatic Mirror* led an effective crusade against foul and unsanitary dressing-rooms, but this abuse of the rights of actors and of the laws made to conserve the public health is one that will always need correction, owing to the greed of persons who own theatres—which is no different from the greed of other persons that own real estate—and their disregard for the comfort and well-being of others. Actors, from time to time, have suffered outrageously from plain violations of the health laws in respect to dressing-rooms.

It is amazing, in view of the vastly improved methods of theatre construction and of the pretentiousness of many of the modern houses of amusement, that this question as to the health, to say nothing of the comfort, of actors, is so often ignored by builders of theatres. Of course the commercial idea that largely controls in the construction of a theatre makes mainly for outside show and for the utilization of every possible foot of room for the money-getting purpose of the enterprise. While everything depends upon the actor, he usually is the last one thought of in construction plans. Some managers and owners of theatres there are who pay proper attention to this branch of the theatre, but they are so few that they serve only to emphasize the selfishness and the disregard of the actor's rights, as a man and a factor in the general scheme of a theatre, that prevails. It really is a marvel that actors can do as good work as they do in the circumstances in which they follow their profession. The fatigues of continuous travel and the hardships of bad fare at hotels alone would be enough to sap the vitality and destroy the ambition of the average man if he were put in the place of the actor. But when to these devitalizing influences is added the necessity of preparing for a night's work in a pen in which it would be unkind to imprison cattle, it is a wonder that utter demoralization is not far more frequent in the profession.

It is a pleasure to record the vigilance of the Actors' Society in bringing to book managers of theatres who persist in violating the law on this subject. It is too much to expect of such managers that they should have any regard whatever for the ethics in this matter, or that they should look upon the actor from any viewpoint except that which selfishness inspires. To them, of course, he is but a means to an end. But even the inconsiderate manager must obey the law, if it is invoked against him, and he never should be permitted to escape its penalties whenever they may be inflicted.—*Dramatic Mirror*.

The wedding invitations, so much in use in the most exclusive social circles, because always correct in form, and of the finest material and engravings, are executed in the stationery factory of Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.



## AT THE PLAY.

"RICHARD CARVEL."

The play "Richard Carvel" is a butchery of the novel. The art of the novel has disappeared. Nothing takes its place. The novel was not natural. The play is something passing definition. It starts out as a pastoral sort of thing, rises to bluggy melodrama and descends to plain farce-comedy. That the novel, a long one as you remember had to be condensed, is true but this is worse than condensed: it is telescoped, jammed up after the fashion of a concertina or an opera hat.

The thing is not to be taken seriously. The actors do not take it seriously. Everything is exaggeratedly done. The result is a general impression that it is a piece of Jacob Litterature. In parts, the play is as supremely bad as "Lost River," so bad as to be positively interesting and enjoyable. The duel scene is deliciously banal. At the most thrilling moments the play is super-theatric.

Take the women out of this play and it were as flat as dish-water. They are the only persons who seem at all natural and simple. They are the living beings of the play. They give it all its charm and frequent patches of sweetness. All the women in the cast deport themselves in a manner to please the beholder and auditor. They are winsome in either skittishness or distress.

Mr. John Drew is—well it's the same old story—he is Mr. John Drew. He has all his modern dress-coat mannerisms. They go not well in silk and wigs and smalls. He has many "huhs" and "umphs" and "m-m-m's" and other ejaculations that are decidedly out of accord with the character. Mr. Drew is about as unpoetic and unromantic a person in the title role as one could imagine. He gets through the elegancies somehow, but in any event with no more evidence of heart in his work than you would find in a hod-carrier mounting a ladder. His fine speeches seem awkward. His courtesies are ungraceful to the degree at which they come perilously close to the disgraceful. His heroics are about as unconvincing as the altisonantic lettering on a circus poster. He is, to my thinking, a wooden lover and an automatic hero in every detail. Of course, Mr. Drew is a gentleman in all the parts of his part. He does not overdo the thing to the point of making it a vulgar travesty of the manner of the time of the play, but he does it all with every evidence of a lack of any actual sympathy with the role.

Mr. Drew is clearly out of place. And if he doesn't know it, it is simply because he has set himself the deliberate task of ignoring his self knowledge. For Mr. Drew is an actor of a kind, but not of this kind. His talents are all misplaced. And he cannot escape from the mannerisms that marked him in, let us say, "The Butterflies." He has not the hero-face, and he has not the hero-style. Try he never so desperately, he cannot assume those manners.

Frank Losee as the *Duke of Chartersea*, does his villainy well enough to excite the derision of the gallery. Angels could do no more. Dodson Mitchell has a secondary villian part that he plays with an exceeding great secondariness. Francis Powers acts *Hercule Poirot* in a way that attracts the audience, but doesn't appeal to you if you have ever read much of the dillettante of Strawberry Hill. Brandon Tynon presents a thin and pale conception of *Charles James Fox*, who, if one remember aright, was anything but that. George Le Soir, is the *Capt. John Paul Jones*, and he presents the part in

a way that suggests little of the finer quality of the first American sea fighter, and is entirely too wishy-washy in the incidents illustrating the seaman's petty vanity. Arthur Byron is a good man in a part that promises much and fades away into nothing. Frank Lamb's *Goble* is a harmless, necessary role that takes the knockabout burdens of the second act in a fashion to amuse the very young and the ladies.

Ida Conquest and Caroline Whyte are, respectively, *Dorothy Manners* and *Patty Swain*. They are to be heartily commended in every particular. These ladies, with Mrs. W. G. Jones and Marion Childers, are all that saved the dramatization from an utter collapse into burlesque, in my opinions.

My opinion it is proper to say, was not the opinion of Monday night's fine, large, swell audience. The people in pit and dome liked the thing immensely. They are the final arbiters in such things, and they pay their money cheerfully to see such things. That's what they're here for, so there's no use quarreling with them in their inalienable right of enjoying Thackeray and treacle, and Drew in masquerade costume.

The play is prettily, even handsomely, put on. The scenery is worth while. The best, most natural, most human part of the play is the first act. There Drew reminds you a little of his better work in "Rosemary," but after that—the deluge of the stiltedly absurd and the romantic in inane! W. M. R.

Sir Frank Lockwood was once engaged in a case in which Sir Charles Russell (the late lord chief-justice of England) was the opposing counsel. Sir Charles was trying to browbeat a witness into giving a direct answer, "Yes" or "No." "You can answer any question yes or no," declared Sir Charles. "Oh, can you?" retorted Lockwood; "may I ask if you have left off beating your wife?"

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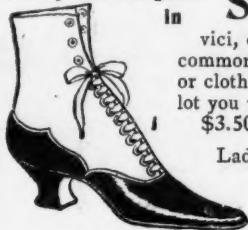
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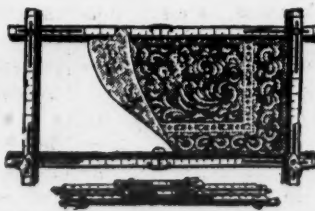
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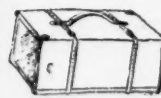
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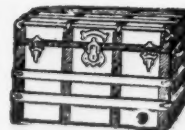
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HE AND SHE.

"She is dead!" they said to him: "come away; Kiss her and leave her,—thy love is clay!"

They smoothed her tresses of dark brown hair; On her forehead of stone they laid it fair.

Over her eyes that gazed too much They drew the lids with a gentle touch;

With a tender touch they closed up well The sweet thin lips that had secrets to tell;

About her brows and beautiful face They tied her veil and her marriage lace,

And drew on her white feet her white-silk shoes— Which were the whitest no eye could choose.

And over her bosom they crossed her hands. "Come away!" they said, "God understands."

And there was silence, and nothing there But silence, and scents of Eglantare,

And jasmine, and roses and rosemary; And they said, "As a lady should lie, lies she."

And they held their breath until they left the room, With a shudder, a glance at its stillness and gloom.

But he who loved her too well to dread The sweet, the stately, the beautiful dead,

He lit his lamp, and took the key And turned it—alone again, he and she.

He and she; but she would not speak, Though he kissed, in the old place, the quiet cheek.

He and she; yet she would not smile, Though he called her the name she loved ere while.

He and she; still she did not move To any passionate whisper of love.

Then he said, "Cold lips and breasts without breath Is there no voice, no language of death,

"Dumb to the ear and still to the sense, But to the heart and to soul distinct, intense?

"See, now; I will list a with soul, not ear; What was the secret of dying, dear?

"Was it the infinite wonder of all That you could let life's flower fall?

"Or was it a greater marvel to feel The perfect calm o'er the agony steal?

"Was the miracle greater to find how deep Beyond all dreams sank downward that sleep?

"Did life roll back its record, dear, And show, as they say it does, past things clear?

"And was it the innermost heart of the bliss To find out so, what a wisdom love is?

"O perfect dead! O dead most dear! I hold the breath of my soul to hear.

"I listen as deep as to terrible hell, As high as to heaven, and you do not tell.

"There must be pleasure in dying, sweet, To make you so placid from head to feet!

"I would tell you, darling, if I were dead, And 'twere your hot tears upon my brow shed,—

"I would say, though the Angel of Death had laid His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid,—

"You should not ask vainly, with streaming eyes, Which of all death's was the chiefest surprise,

"The very strangest and suddenest thing Of all the surprises that dying must bring."

Ah, foolish world! O most kind dead! Though he told me, who will believe it was said?

Who will believe that he heard her say, With the sweet, soft voice, in the dear, old way.

"The utmost wonder is this—I hear! And see you, and love you, and kiss you, dear;

"And am your angel, who was your bride. And know that though dead, I never have died." —Sir Edwin Arnold.

### WELLESLEY STORIES.

College stories are not especially, or even generally, interesting to the average novel reader, as a rule. The sayings and doings of freshmen and sophomores, their yells and rushes, their loves, joys and sorrows, however vividly depicted, are caviare to the general. They seem to strike a class in literature between the juveniles and the "Sabbath-school story." An exception to this generalization is the book entitled, "Wellesley Stories," by Grace Louise Cook. There are seven stories in the book, each one illustrating a different type of girl student, and the seven giving the reader a very fair idea of the *modus vivendi* that obtains at this famous seminary. In the first story, "Clorinda," the chief incident is a dance, in which the heroine disappoints several girl friends with whom she had promised to dance. She is a Southern girl "lovely and deceitful," as an admirer tells her, and unprincipled. "President Jefferson" is the story of a girl named Jefferson, who was elected president of the freshmen class but resigned because she was conditioned. The girl in the story who played a Hibernian character surely never heard an Irishwoman say "St. George forgive me, mum," and "Indade, mum, them's handsome as Saint George himself?" and how does she pronounce the (dialectical?) word "imforwm." But, indeed, the incident, as well as the dialect, is rather far-fetched, not to say impossible. The third story "Professor Lamont" narrates the ceremony attending "burning forensics." The intruder who had witnessed the ceremony was tried and acquitted. There are two girls in "Submerged," the central story, who, having been factory-bred, are trying to get a college education, but are incompetent mentally and are snubbed socially. They find a guardian angel in one of the senior students who befriends them, though both the girls fail. "A Lyrical Interlude" has for its motif the assumption of a poem by a student who didn't write it. "Sir Toby's Career," the sixth, is much the best of the stories, the heroine being brought to hospital by overwork in her anxiety to help everybody else. It is a story worthy of a more satisfactory ending. "Initiated into Love" concerns lovers. The initiate is ordered to propose to a beautiful young lady to whom he has just been introduced—and does it. The denouement is quite satisfactory, however. That young people, young college people especially, will fall in love with Miss Cook's stories can be safely predicted. Other readers will be interested in learning how Wellesley girls live and learn and amuse themselves. The book is handsomely typed and quite deserving of better treatment at the hands of the proof-reader than it received. The blunders are so numerous as to suggest that the proofs were not corrected at all. [Richard G. Badger & Co., Boston. Publishers. Price \$1.50.]

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